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A COTTAGE BY THE SEA

Almost as it would fly away on morning's wings towards the East there stands upon a certain Northern shore a tiny cottage, looking eastward o'er the sea.

Roses grow about, rich-flowering, tall, climbing o'er its walls and by its little garden sides.

Such a wondrous man dwells there. All unknown to those about deeply he communes with Nature and with Nature's God. No books, no apparatus does he need, himself is his own instrument; yet he knows all things of our sphere, knows life's mysteries and that life beyond our view.

Into the future he may peer, may know the fate of peasant or of king. Harmless his life, lofty all his aims.

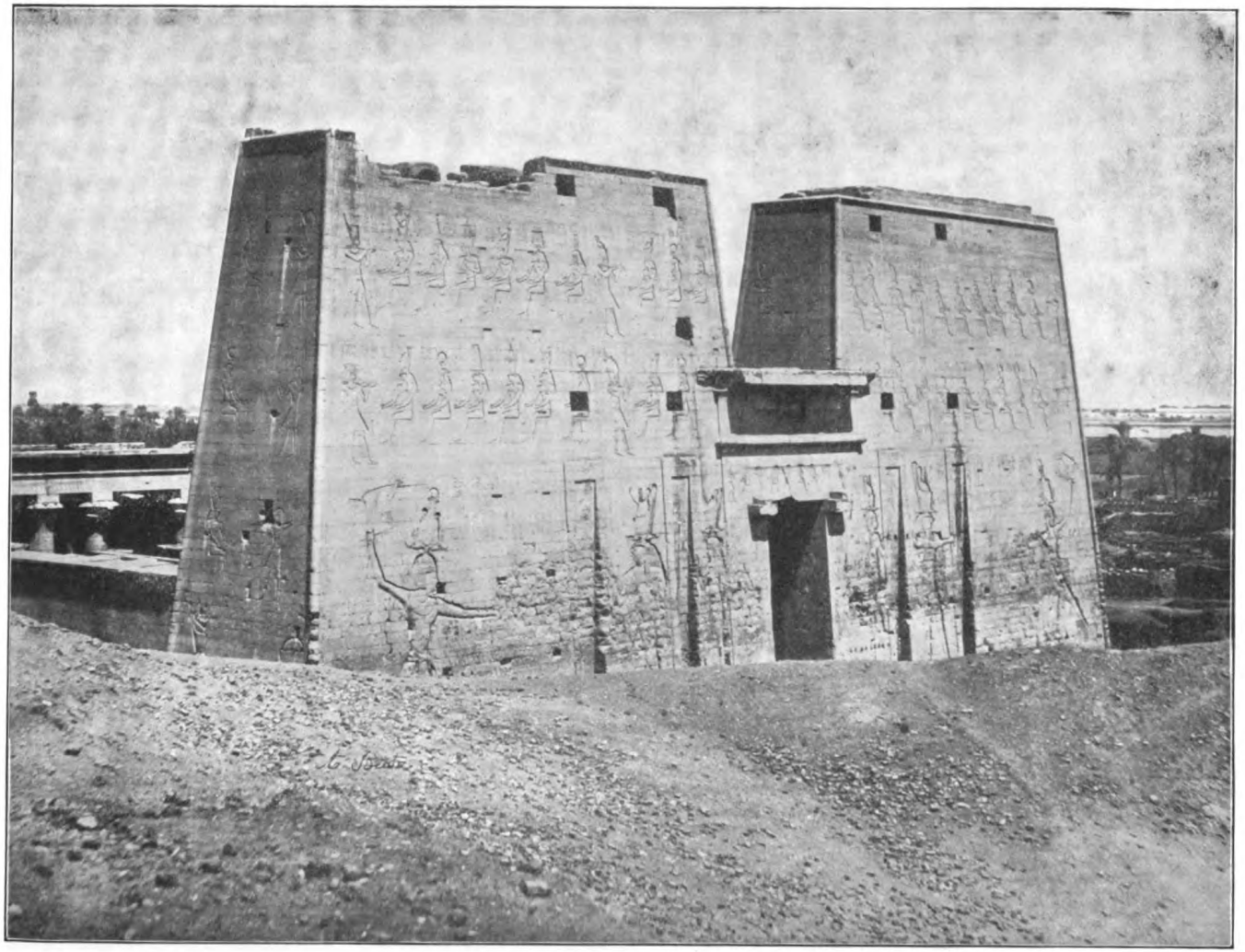
Down to that cottage angel armies plunge then wheel again and rise in sweet delight of being, fresh-renewed. To him, the dweller there, they bring messages from the ends of earth and bear away his blessings to the works of men for God.

Surely this cottage is the palace of a king.

W. V-H.

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Temple of Karnak

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The Spirit of Truth Visits Man

A MASQUE

Dramatis Personae:
The Spirit of Truth;
Angellos;
A Savage;
A Barbarian;
A Civilized Man;
A Spiritualized Man.

ACT I

Scene 1

Angellos:

Truth is for men so variable; and they differ from each other so, seeing Truth in different lights, that one scarce knows if Truth and men ever shall meet to walk in peace awhile along the way of life. Is it that Truth wears many veils that she must drop one after one? Or is it that Man in his evolving from the beast to God must see her with ever-changing eyes? Of all the mysteries next to that of the Creator's being, Truth's is the most difficult to penetrate and her nature apprehend.

She's coming now and, magically, I will so contrive that we shall see her meet a man in some of his embodyings, though most of his presentments here below you shall not see. We'll see what he will do or say when she appears and if he will wish to see her, freed of her disguisings.

'Tis said Truth oft addresses men and that, one time or more in each life-time, She lets fall her dread concealment! If all men thought this so, they'd wait and look for her eagerly and then grasp her, hold her and never let her 'scape!

Ah! here is he, a lowly Savage Wight has searched the wildwood and is carrying to his cave the simples he has found to drive away his ills! Truth I'll beckon and he'll see,—ah, how much and what!

[*Beckons, then conceals himself.*]

Scene 2

Enter Savage.

Savage: Ah, deep in the savage forest lies that glen. None knows that spot but me! Rich growth of herbs is there! They'll be surprised when they see all I've found. Perhaps her foot, so sad thorn-pierced, will now be healed. Long is it since she fared through these wilds with me. Ah! A lonely wandering now is mine!

[*Sits on a stone.*]



They'll soon begin to see I'm getting old. These journeys now are trying, more and more; and soon I'll be displaced before the tribe. But none, following me, shall know the secret of the glen! She alone shall have 't—if she go not with me or before me—as I feel I'll make her do! [*Rises, thinks a moment. Looks into the distance.*] If I do, no other man will have her when I'm gone. And who knows? If what they say be true she might remain in spirit-land awaiting me! Oh! If I could but know.

Scene 3

Enter the Spirit of Truth

Sp. of T.: Of what are you speaking sir? Do you think to end the life of her you love so well. Think of her—would you take her so suddenly from these woods, these hills and waters, all so dear to her? And what of that life in the Beyond. Do you not know that there, too, are found the laws of right and wrong; that what you do here will come to fruiting there?



Savage: I know naught of that life of which you speak. Enough these puzzling questions here about—how to get food, to avoid the leopard's spring, or serpent's fang, to gain concealment from the battling storms, and worst of all, to restore the stricken body. For, when one's limbs can scarce be moved, one is the prey of every tiniest enemy—a mass, inert and helpless.

Sp. of T.: But you would not strike down the body of her you love so dearly! For years she'd go about in sore distress amid the scenes of her earth-life, feeling most keenly her body's loss, nor could she talk

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with living, waking friends. And you would have your full meed of punishment that you had done so foul a deed. Beware!

Savage: What do I know of such things! I'll kill her! They shall not have her when I'm gone! If I suffer—then I suffer!

Sp. of T.: Do you not recall what life your friend, old Krogi, led when he had killed Bema, his wife, and spirits of the earth by night and demons of the air by day, tortured him for two decades until the tribe expelled him and he then disappeared among the quick-sands of the marsh? [*Raises the outer of her veils*].

Savage: I remember, and I seem to see him now as I saw him in those days go gibbering, muttering o'er the trails. It was most uncanny—such a sight! Perhaps I can devise some other way, not to risk so dire a fate! Yes, I recall. What do you advise? Speak sooth!

Sp. of T.: Beware how you do harm to others. Do only good, for what you do to them, again will act on you and you will suffer direly.

Savage: I do not know; perhaps 'tis true!

Sp. of T.: But, wait! What you do of generous good—as when you kindly use your simples for the cure of others' ills, enemies as well as friends, you store up force to aid you in your future lives!

Savage: Perhaps. Yet of other lives I know naught. Still I like not making pain.

Sp. of T.: Great glory lies before you. As you return and leave again the fleshly body you will learn and grow to be a great helper of men, strong and wise both to sustain and lead—often I will return to you.

Savage: What you say I cannot test nor can much feel its truth. I only know my greatest joy is found in healing others when they're ill.

Sp. of T.: I am the Spirit of Truth. For you I've removed one of my veils. Shall I raise yet others?

Savage: Ah, No! Spare that vision! I cannot endure it. [*Sp. of T. begins to raise another veil.*] I must away! Perhaps her foot will heal and then, together, we may wage again fierce war with Fate.

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II

Angellos: This time you'll see this soul, again reflected in embodied form, advanced to have a place amid the somewhat ordered tribes of men of fixed abode.

Scene 1

Barbarian: All this wide expanse of land is mine down to the distant river's edge. Those flocks are mine and those village huts protect my laborers. What more could wealth avail except to hamper with fresh cares. And yet, my faithful wife and I, tending our numerous brood, fail of content, for we feel these goods are not enough.



Some faint whispering within, some echoing of the priest's sad wailing tells us this is not all of our life. Our years are swift multiplying and ere long we die!

Ah! Who and what is He, the Giver of our fates? What has become of our first-born, dead in his young cradle-days?

Scene 2

Sp. of T.: Good day, sir! What seek you in your thoughts. Do you not know that this world is not the only one. Those men no longer to be seen by you still live in other worlds and there they mourn or joy according to their desert. Those who have well done, who wrought for others, not themselves alone, they are full of joy, but those who selfishly accumulated this world's goods, who persecuted or acted unjustly—they too bear with them the forces they have used and these play back again on them.

Barbarian: What proof of this is there? Man dies as do the beasts, the grass. True I sometimes see, a moment's space, moving, weaving shapes or, near some flower, there flits some bright being like a graceful bird, tending and ministering to the blossoms need, and these are creatures not of flesh and blood but seeming of another world.

Sp. of T.: [*Raises her second veil.*] Look there across the vale beyond the liquid-silver stream—above the Earth, hovering there or moving back and forth—a

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mighty host of angels, men! [*Barbarian gazes long at the vision.*]

Barbarian: And are those below, living in those shadowy dwelling-places shaped like ours, such beings as were once men?

Sp. of T.: 'Tis true and round about them are the other dwellers of that world, happy radiant spirits, beings of another order than our own. Other worlds there are awaiting these same disembodied men, more wondrous still. Let me but raise another veil!

Barbarian: Stay! No more! It is enough! There I would dwell, resting in these happy lands. Ah! 'Tis heaven enough for me! [*Holding his hands longingly toward the scene, remains thus.*]

Sp. of T.: Content with this world of reflected joy! Ah! could he but bear the sight of further worlds!

[*Curtain.*]

ACT III

Scene 1

Angellos: He who shall come is he who stood before you last but since that time five thousand years have rolled away and many times he's been to school embodied in the flesh. How he's improved! You'll see!

Scene 1

Enter A Civilized Man.

Civilized Man: When all our wide philosophy has had her day, when the religious men have told their tale and science has once more denied, what's left me for my very own? Wherein, amid this maze of thought and speculation, lies the truth that shall convince me deep within my heart of what is there, if aught, beyond our senses' grasp? Weary of wondering, seeking and yet never satisfied, I'll seek no more! Content with my material round of thought and deed, I'll end my days at home, amid my books.

Scene 2

Enter The Spirit of Truth.

Sp. of T.: I am the Spirit of Truth. I joy to find and greet those men who truly seek for me. How have you sought me? In the thought of Man's welfare truly but with the belief that your redemption from crude care and grief lies near the Earth. 'Tis true that there is in the realm of mind and thought a world of radiant beauty but beyond are others far more real, greater, nearer to the heart of Truth, nearer to the Creator, whither Man may go and enter in when he has put away the things of childhood and can engage himself in his Creator's plan.

Civ. Man: Then what is the way by treading which we may attain a knowledge of these worlds?

Sp. of T.: First shall you leave the ways of heart-attachment to the affairs of matter and your thoughts about them. So freer in your soul, you then may seek the service of the Most High, and ask to learn the laws that build His higher worlds.

Civ. Man: And what proof do you present that there are such worlds?

Sp. of T.: Just as for you are long outworn the carnal joys of brute existence, so shall you find the pleasures of the world of thought inadequate to satisfy your inner needs. Then may you begin to tread the way of fullest knowledge.

Civ. Man: Can you disclose the secrets of the life beyond the grave? Pray tell me what is there, what path awaits the men whom Death continually is reaping?

Sp. of T.: Passing beyond the dropping of the body a life they find like that below, a sort of repetition of this life. Bye-and-bye they reach a heaven where they rejoice, living as real the thoughts and dreams they held on earth.

Civ. Man: Their very dreams are realized? They may then live through their own ideals?

Sp. of T.: Yes, 'tis true. Look! I'll show you! There! [*Drops her third veil*]. You see their lives!

Civ. Man: Yes, I see them all living as they did on earth! Eager or calm, happy or placidly engaged, they dreamily are busied. Time for them is but the registering of joy. No strife or bickering mars their peace.

Sp. of T.: See there beyond—those studious ones. They live amid their books; their thoughts. Their speech reflects the things of mind while reason in her coolest,

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calmest mood adjusts the balance for their weighing of all things.

Civ. Man: This is indeed my home, my dream's sweet realizing. Here I would abide. I see my dearest, long-departed friends all fair ensconced. Of this good land I now may dream!

Sp. of T.: But stay! Another veil I'll raise. Life of the spirit still awaits!

Civ. Man.: Not so! Oh! I pray, let stay so fair a dream. No other will I have but this. O peace! Oh joy of beauty, thought, associations blest! Those gone before—I'll be with them [*Gazes upward.*]

Sp. of T.: [*The man scarce hearing.*] With me you may not long abide. Brief the way we tread together, footfalls dropping evenly, in unison their sounds recurring. Brief span this happy hour enjoys. Farewell! Some future day far more you will demand.

[*Curtain.*]

ACT IV

Scene 1

Angellos: The man you now shall see, you'd scarce believe to be—and yet he is—the same you last have seen. In those full centuries he has spent since he was here the things of life have palled upon his very soul. Heart-weary is he, seeking peace!

Enquirer: How many times in the last years have I thus sought this hill that ever looks out yearningly over and beyond the changeful sea. Only the things of spirit will now satisfy. Wondering, seeking have I wrought on life's mystery till I know no more how one other furrow may be plowed in the thrice-sterile, stony field of mind and heart. Dull aching lies within my very soul. It seems not true that men may find, by seeking, the inner mystery of our care-worn life. Yet in my very heart I know 'tis true my weary quest will end—and I shall know.

Scene 2

Enter The Spirit of Truth.

Sp. of T.: Sir, what is it you would achieve, each day coming to this spot made sacred in an ancient time by worshippers of fire, the stars, the rising sun?

Enquirer: Oh, Lady fair, who are you that present yourself in this strange way, in one swift moment saying sooth of days long past?

Sp. of T.: I am the Spirit of Truth. My mission 'tis ever to bear to men, and angels too, the truth about the living, ever-present and insistent Maker of all things that just a tiny part of His wide, infinite Self reveals and then, shyly withdrawing, leaves men, themselves, to ask, indeed demand, a further knowledge of Him and His wondrous ways.

Enquirer: Ah! I am rejoiced that you are here. These many years, discarding the lighter joys of life, I've tried to learn the meaning of her deep questions set for us to answer. Why do men rush about seeking the momentary joys of lower being, or, as I have done, pass through, with satisfaction only temporary, the realms of reason, ordered thought, which leave men coldly contemplative but still unsatisfied in heart? My shelves are loaded with the written thoughts of men, some living, most long since departed from our sphere. Reverently they've thought of all we see and think and feel. And still the riddles of our being are unsolved. Whence came we, whither are we speeding and what is the meaning of our life's contending with its fleeting, insufficient joys? Yet within them stirs a divinity, deep-set, that will not be denied.

Sp. of T.: 'Tis this, that those who, like yourself, long since have emptied out the joys of cruder life may find in sacrifice of self, in service of the Most High a peace not to be known in other ways. Then on the eagle wings of knowledge and of love upborne out into the higher heaven-world, easily he shall soar and find there the glory, wisdom and the harmony you've sought in vain below. And for your love and serving, men and angels shall unite to call you blest!

Enquirer: Ah! Long must be that way to know and thus to gain such powers! Weary seems the way, though dazzling is the goal!

Sp. of T.: 'Tis true, yet God who wills His children shall both seek and find Him puts in their hearts and thoughts a restlessness, a longing ever for new experiences, for that something just beyond

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or far ahead that draws them on. So with each return to life on earth after heaven's transitory joys they take in hand again the quest, once more pursue the round, first of low, animal delights, then of the finer, purer joys of taste, refinement, till, driven by the whips and goads of Fate, they turn to teachers of religion and philosophy and from them, awhile, learn something of another phase of the long way of wandering back to God.

Enquirer: And is there no way, no studied, ordered mode of life by following which one may proceed directly toward the Creator, following His design?

Sp. of T.: Yes, there is a way by which one may escape the minor dominance of Fate, may, if he love mankind, enter the broader reaches of the Law's design and gain dominion over death and the enforced return to the trivial life of man embodied in the flesh.

Enquirer: Ah! That would be the philosopher's stone—the elixir of life, yielding eternal youth! With that knowledge one might give mankind most wondrous benefits.

Sp. of T.: 'Tis true. Yet there is first a work to do which few will undertake. It is to set aside as useless baggage for this path those passions and desires that cling about mere bodies, hampering the soul's free flight.

Enquirer: Vague words as yet—their meaning not yet clear. Life has grown so weary, the routine of its sufferings and its ill-sufficing joys may easily be forsworn and I be free! Ah, show the way!

Sp. of T.: What of all your rich possessions. What of your family and your friends.

Enquirer: Of possessions little do I need and as for my family and my friends I might, for the journey's space, leave them behind. Yet my duty and my love for them I may not forswear.

Sp. of T.: Duties you may not lay aside. But of them most may be converted into new forms that benefits of Spirit may accrue.

Enquirer: Then, let me pray you that you teach me of this way.

Sp. of T.: Long is the way but it aye begins with the perceiving life is of but little worth except we use its strength for others' weal. Beneath all outward seeming lies within the deeper nature of all men a unity, a community of character which cannot be denied. This lies in the longing of the human breast for the permanence of an abiding place in love, infinite, unceasing, satisfying; then for wisdom and for power adequate to meet such needs of love. 'Tis on a rock like that we build God's temple which shall be our last abiding place.

Enquirer: And how does one begin to find the unity?

Sp. of T.: With but a little wisdom starting, then ever searching for more knowledge till you shall find enough to gain the way's beginning. Laws of moral nature bind as closely as the worldly law. But the very laws of our own nature are most difficult to analyze. And this is because our hearts at first are dual, partly yearning for the things of earth and partly for those of the Creator. Most difficult the distinction, and to find the way within requires the aid of those Men Divine who in their hearts have left already far behind the things of earth and, joining Their fates forever with the thought and love and will of God, remain on earth, using the forces of this lower realm but to realize His broad purposes.

Enquirer: And will They give Their aid?

Sp. of T.: Not only will they give their aid but eagerly They seek for those who would make all sacrifice of the minor, personal interests of our life so that that greater part of us, the germinal divine that stirs in every heart, may grow in grace and be of use to Them, and we in service swiftly become as They are, full of power and wise in the knowledge of God's Nature which has extent far beyond the limits of our common view and with a sunlight of love for mankind and so great compassion for man's woe that ours is but a phosphorescent glow in the comparison.

Enquirer: Ah! This is the way I seek! Then there is an ordered way in Man's evolving—a way in which our intelligence and reason, love for friends and our joy in

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building with the toys of Dionysos enables us to know and realize the many spheres within God's consciousness and at last to know Him in and through them.

Sp. of T.: Look! And I shall show the plan! There! See how flows on in mighty streams the breath of God's consciousness displaying itself in the midst of material seeming as separate parts of His own consciousness. Ignorant of their real union with Him and with each other men contend like fiends to gain and enjoy the fruits of Nature round about them. Vast plans for their swifter moving the Great Teachers are carrying out almost unknown to them.

Enquirer: And what shall be man's future? What is the end of man's round of life? What the great purpose of it all?

Sp. of T.: Again, look into the future! See how the redeemed shall be employed! Even as are They engaged Who at this moment cause me thus to stand before you telling of the way so shall be the new redeemed, at once the guides of men and the Beloved of God. And man's estate by their huge efforts shall be vastly changed. New races shall be formed and the advancing souls shall be embodied in them, and with their aid, will the work of culture speed and a golden age appear. Then will you see the rejoicing earth give her fruits more abundantly and man devote himself to thought, to meditation and the joy of swift returning to the Maker. In His bliss of life lies all the abundant fulness of our reward! [*Dropping her last veil*]. Yes. All the truth shall be for you! Look, in vision shalt thou now previse the way and end. [*Man gazes heavenward.*] See— how the broad and flower-bespotted mead o'er which men, playing, move, narrows there to one small path all stone- and briar-encumbered, so but few may go! There is the way—that narrow Path and at the end, behold! the gates of highest heaven stand wide and from beyond the World-Creator calls! [*Tableau.*]

[*Curtain.*]

W. V-H.

THE BREEZE

God gave us sound!
It is the breeze
O'er dale and mound
Which plays arpeggios
Among the trees.
Which trills
In treble notes
Within cool throats
Of lark and thrush.
Which blows
Down wooded hills
And sighs
Beneath bronze bees
And gold-winged butterflies,
And tries
With rush
O'er water rippled ground
To tease
The gurgling bound
Of silvered rills—
God gave us sound.

It is the breeze
Though hushed and still,
Touching the falling water rill,
Which wafts the fragrance from its bounds
To where the nightingale's full note
Upon the quiet evening sounds.
The purple trees
Like shadowed nuns
With star-lit drapery afloat—
And souls within eternal peace,
Call for its song
In soothing runs.
While tiny life in tranquil sleep
Falls to the deep
Of Paradise.
Above the long
Dim aisles of darkened ground
It tries
From *That* to this
From God's sweet eyes
To bring a kiss—
God gave us sound!

Harriet Tooker Felix.

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THE HILL TRIBES OF THE NILGIRIS

The Nilgiri Plateau is situated in Southern India and is formed by the convergence and junction of the two ranges of hills which skirt the eastern and western shores of the tapering peninsula. It presents an undulating surface at a height of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, though there are mountain peaks which attain an altitude of over 8,000 feet. The area of the plateau is about 700 square miles. The climate is cold and bracing and well adapted to the European constitution. There are three English townships, the principal of which, Ootacamund, is the summer capital of the Madras Government. It is here that a small but charming residence, named "Gulistan" (Garden of Delight) by the President-Founder of our Society, is located. Colonel Olcott was fond of retiring to this tranquil retreat from the great heat of the Plains when his numerous avocations allowed of physical rest and refreshment, and it was at this place that the present writer first met him and frequently enjoyed the pleasure of his versatile conversation and homely hospitality. The writer has since met there a succession of workers from Adyar Headquarters, amongst whom was the family of the editor of this magazine. The outcome of that meeting was a request, in compliance with which the present notes are jotted down, in the hope that they may afford some information, if not interest, to our friends in other parts of the world.

Ootacamund is only nineteen hours by rail from Madras, ten of which are spent in night sleep, while the actual mountain climb is accomplished in the short space of three hours by daylight. The grateful change from the sweltering heat at the foot of the hills to the bracing air of the plateau is one which once experienced is never forgotten, and a residence of a few weeks in the invigorating mountain atmosphere is sufficient to send the jaded toiler of the Plains back to his work with health renewed and energy revitalized. It is needless to say that the scenery is a continual source of delight. There are hundreds of English families settled on the hills, the more wealthy in charming villa residences, perched on commanding heights and surrounded by fruit and flower gardens in which the products of the temperate zone flourish in great luxuriance; and during the summer season the various townships are crowded with visitors from all parts of India and the neighboring countries. The roads which are well graded and extend for many miles among the environs of the towns, are practicable not only for horse vehicles but also for motor cars, which may be seen at all hours of the day scouring the "Downs" or going to and from the golf links and recreation grounds.

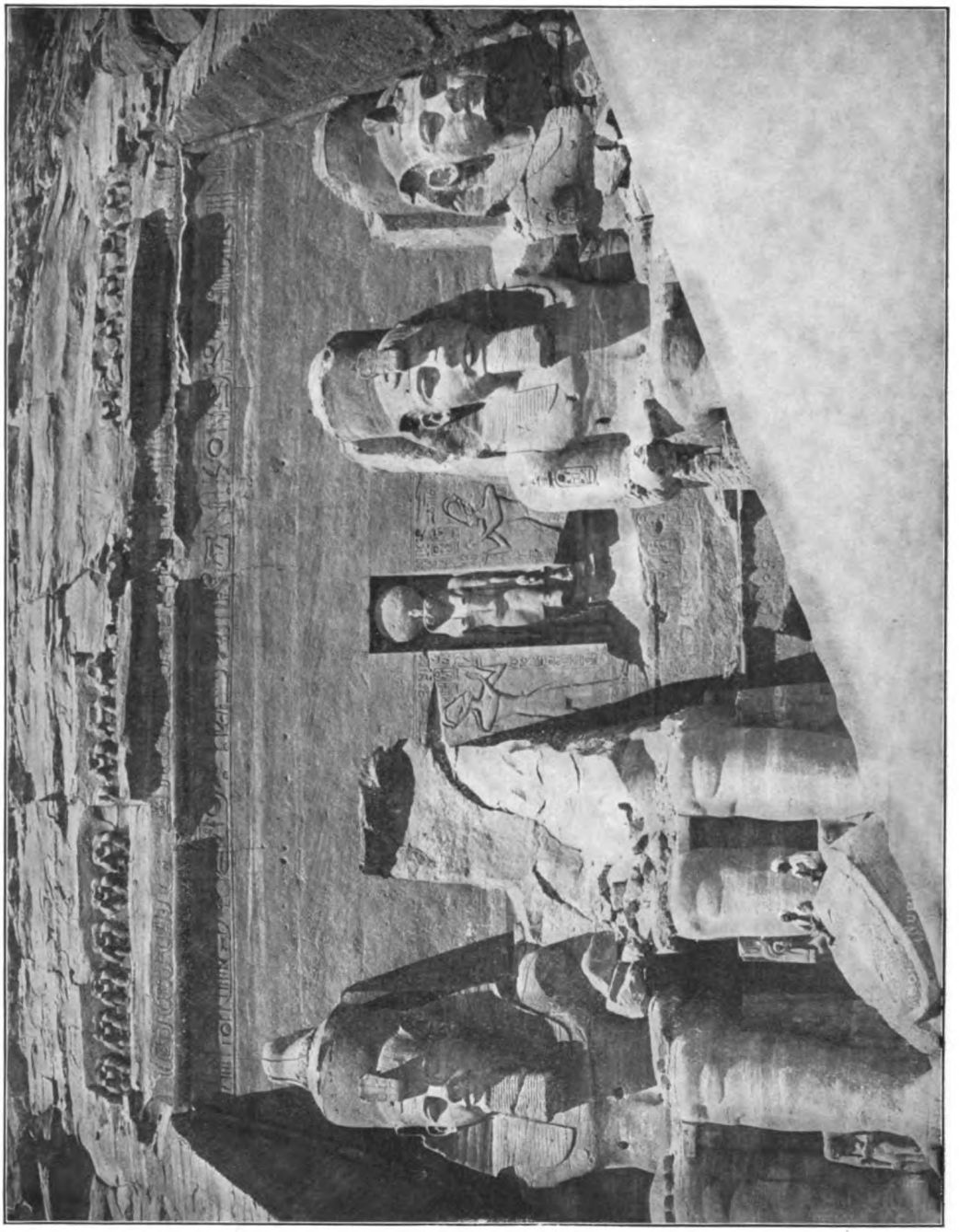
The Nilgiri Plateau is the special home of three aboriginal tribes, viz., the Bádágas (cultivators), Tódas (graziers), and Kótas (artisans and musicians). There are also two tribes, Irulas and Kurumbas which inhabit the forests of the slopes of the Hills. The Bádága villages consist of orderly lines of one-storied houses, each of which possesses a milk room which women and young boys are forbidden to enter. The women do nearly all the field work and are confined to their villages while the men frequently come into towns to work for daily wages to supplement the scanty returns from their agricultural lands. The Bádágas are cheery in disposition, of small stature, slightly built and fair skinned, and their powers of endurance are considerable. They will walk five miles or more to and from their villages, and in the interval do a hard day's work without rest or refreshment. They have one meal before leaving home in the morning and the next on their return at night. Their diet consists of grain and vegetables, seasoned with the usual Indian condiments. Every woman of marriageable age is tattooed on the forehead and upper arm in some simple design of dots and lines. When a boy is about nine years old he is initiated into the mysteries of milking, and thereafter is free of the milk-room. The ritual consists in his milking a cow, pouring some of the milk into the household vessels, sprinkling some

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Abu Simbel

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more over the faces of his relations, and placing the remainder in the milk-room. About his thirteenth year, if he is one of the Lingáyal subdivisions, he is solemnly invested with the lingam. Complicated rites including the lighting of the sacred fire, the pouring of much milk, and praises and invocations of Siva accompany the ceremony, which winds up with a big dinner to which a large circle of friends is invited.

Girl babies may be bespoken as brides as soon as they are born on the payment of ten rupees, neither more nor less. When a girl attains the marriageable age she is kept in a special hut till the next full moon day. While there she receives presents of flour from the various families of the village, and is visited by all the village maidens, and they all cook and mess together. On the full-moon day the girl returns to her home, is given a new cloth, and sits outside the house until the moon rises. She is then led up to the house by five aged women, and greeted on the threshold by her waiting mother, who blesses her in a set form of words (wishing her a home of her own, a good husband and a strong son), and gives her a dish of food. Of this she eats a little and the rest she takes round to every house in the village, the senior matron in each pronouncing the same blessing upon her and inviting her to eat a little of the food in the dish. A day or two afterwards her forehead is tattooed with the marks which proclaim that she is open to an offer. The marriage ceremonies are quite simple and consist chiefly in the girl going to fetch water, as a sign that she has entered on her household duties, and making salaams to members of the bridegroom's family. There is much playing of music by the Kótas and a big supper at the end of each day. A cloth-fee is then paid for the girl, and in addition a bride-price which varies with her qualifications as a field laborer. Divorces are common and no stigma attaches to a woman who divorces a husband or two before she settles down, but general laxity of morals is rare. The children, in cases of divorce, go to the husband. The funerals of the Bádágas are the most complicated of their domestic rites. When anyone is sick unto death, he or she is given a small gold coin to swallow. As soon as death ensues a messenger is sent round to the neighboring villages to announce the fact, which is done with the head bared. On the day of the funeral the corpse is carried on a cot to an open space, a buffalo is led thrice round it, and the hand of the dead is raised and placed on the animal's horns. The body, dressed in its garments, covered with a new cloth, and with a couple of silver coins placed on its forehead, is conveyed to the burning ground on a funeral car constructed for the occasion. The relatives wail, lament and dance round the body to the accompaniment of Kóta music, the men dressed in gaudy petticoats and smart turbans. An iron sickle with imitation buffalo horns on the tip of it, a hatchet, a flute and a walking stick are all placed on the car, together with some of the widow's jewels which she deposits before taking final leave of the deceased. The car is finally hacked to pieces. The religious rite consists in the recitation by an elder of the tribe of all the sins, actual and supposed, of the deceased and of his ancestors, and the chanting of a long litany, thrice repeated. The weight of all the sins is transferred to a scape-calf, which is afterwards let loose like the Biblical scape-goat of the Jews. The body is then burned or buried. Next day milk is poured on the grave, or if the body was burnt, a few of the bones are collected and reverently placed in a pit which every hamlet keeps for the purpose. At long intervals a memorial ceremony is held.

The religious beliefs of the Bádágas are remarkable for their catholicity and embrace the worship of Siva as well as Vishnu, Gangamma the goddess of water, several minor deities, and a number of deified ancestors.

The *Tódas* have a wide category of religious beliefs, to be noticed later on, some of which are interesting from a theosophical point of view. They practice polyandry, nearly always of the fraternal type, several brothers having one and the same wife, and they are not wholly guiltless of polygamy. They are a tall handsome race with a Roman

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cast of features, and have fairer complexions than the inhabitants of the Plains. The men are strong, agile and intelligent, and are possessed of an absolute belief in their own superiority over the surrounding races from whom they exact tribute, or customary gifts of agricultural produce. The women are far less intelligent and are often handsome, but they are extremely lax in their morals. The Tódas live in little hamlets consisting of a cluster of four or five huts, the largest of which is set apart as the dairy. The hamlets are always prettily situated near a stream, and with a green sward on which the women bask in the sun, doing nothing in particular except curling their hair of which they seem inordinately proud. The only industry the Tódas engage in is the manufacture of ghee (melted butter), from the proceeds of which they procure the cloths they wear and the jewels with which their women are adorned. The dairy is regarded as sacred; it is served by a priest set apart after elaborate ceremonial of consecration, and is never approached by the women of the tribe or by strangers. The priest is celibate, and is degraded from his office if he allows himself or his dairy to be touched by an unconsecrated person. Among Tódas are prophets, magicians and medicine-men; the prophets or diviners are supposed to be each inspired by particular gods, and they utter their prophecies during a fit of frenzy and in the Malyálum dialect with which they are not ordinarily acquainted; it is the language of their supposed ancestors and is largely spoken in the low country between the Hills and the sea to the west of the peninsula. The diviners are consulted in cases of sickness or in the event of difficulties or misadventures. The power of sorcery is declared to belong to certain families and to be inherited. One method of laying a spell upon an enemy is to take some human hair, tie five stones to it, wrap them in a bit of cloth, pronounce a curse over the bundle and hide it secretly in the thatch of the enemy's house. Sometimes a bone or a lime (lemon) is buried in a wood near the intended victim's hamlet.

The sorcerers are greatly dreaded not only by persons of their own tribe, but also by the Bádágas; and this is believed to be the reason why the latter continue to pay the customary tribute of grain. Belief in the "evil eye" and in the bad effect of words of praise is prevalent. The "higher" powers are periodically propitiated in several ways. Sacrifices of buffalo calves are made: fires are lighted annually to the accompaniment of prayers for the increase of honey and fruit. These ceremonies are conducted at the foot of particular hills. Sin offerings and offerings to remove misfortune are also made, a buffalo being the victim. Offences against the ritual of the dairy require similar expiation, and the penalties appropriate to various offences are prescribed by the diviners. The funeral rites of the Tódas may be prolonged over many months. They are somewhat similar to those of the Bádágas already described. There is in addition a sacrifice of buffaloes which are slain with great brutality. Measures are now being taken by officers of Government to limit both the number of victims and the revolting features attending the sacrifice. The souls of dead Tódas and of the buffaloes slain at their funerals go to Amnordr, the place of departed souls. This lies to the west, and is below this world, but is lighted by the same sun, each region being light and dark alternately. The departed live in exactly the same way as those left behind, having buffaloes and dairies, but as they walk about they wear down their legs, and when they have worn them down as far as the knees, the Ruler of the other region sends them back to this world as other men. The dead travel to Amnordr by well-defined routes; they do not start until after the completion of the obsequies which may last many days. The dead pass westward towards the mountains on the edge of the plateau, crossing a considerable stream on the way. When they reach a certain stone, they knock it and so lose all their love of this world; further on is another stone, knocking on which rids them of all their diseases, so that they are sound and vigorous when they reach Amnordr. Continuing their journey they come to another river

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bridged by a thread, and those who have been bad in their early life, fall off this bridge into the river among swarms of leeches. All, however, reach Amnordr at last. It thus appears that the ideas of reincarnation and the evolution of man are current, though in a degraded form, among the primitive tribes of these hills.

The *Kótas* are the musicians and citizens on whom the other two hill tribes, the Bádágas and Tódas, rely for music at their festivals and funerals, and for the rude implements used for felling trees and the operations of agriculture. The Kótas are filthy in their dress and habits, and degraded in their morals. They eat carrion, whether diseased or not, and on occasions of religious festivals indulge in drunken orgies of the most licentious character. Their religious rites differ but little from those of the Bádágas already described. The men are short and dark complexioned, and wear their hair long, parted in the middle, and tied in a knot behind the head. They burn their dead and offer sacrifices of buffaloes at the funerals.

The *Irulas* and *Kurumbas* inhabit the dense forests on the slopes of the hills and are thus known as the jungle tribes. The Irulas cultivate patches of dry grain and fruit. In some places they do not plough the land, but carry on a shifting system of cultivation in patches of jungle which they fell and burn. They keep cows and, like the Bádágas and Tódas, prohibit their women having anything to do with the milk.

The domestic and religious rites of both tribes are analogous to those of other tribes already mentioned. The Kurumbas are however notorious magicians and are held in great dread by the more timid Bádágas whom they exploit on frequent special occasions. Each Bádága village, or group of villages, has its own Kurumbas attached to it, and these are invited at the beginning of each cultivation season to officiate at the ceremonies considered essential to secure good crops. They are paid to turn the first sod and sow the first seed. Similarly when the harvest is ripe they are invited to reap the first sheaf, and are again paid for their services. The Bádágas and Tódas occasionally combine to murder a batch of Kurumbas for failing to alleviate a succession of misfortunes brought on, they believe, by the evil magic of the latter. Stories are told of how they can summon wild elephants at will and reduce rocks to powder, merely by sprinkling mystic herbs upon them.

Civilizing work among the Hill tribes is being carried on by devoted Christian missionaries, but the results are as yet not very apparent, except as regards the Bádágas who are more amenable to educational influences. Mission schools have been opened near the villages at which the children are taught to read and write and instructed in simple handicrafts. The facility for the purchase of intoxicating liquors is however a serious evil which seems to be growing among the hill tribes. This is specially to be deplored in the case of Bádágas who are naturally industrious, frugal and abstemious, besides being moral in their domestic relations, according to their lights. The Tódas on the other hand are idle and flagrantly immoral, and their total extinction is within measurable distance, unless some decided improvement in their manner of living is introduced and enforced. *R. P.*



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ABU SIMBEL VISITED

"God hath made the mountains for thine altars" says Zoroaster, shaping his teachings to the needs of a wandering tribe. To the ancient Egyptian, with his populous and wealthy cities strung on the silver thread of the Nile, such limitations to fitting homage of the gods was unthinkable. The Lybian mountains might, indeed, be usable as quarries; might even in their conical form serve as models for the pyramids; might haply be rivalled in duration, for the Egyptian when he built builded for eternity; but the altars of the Gods must show forth the utmost labor of man. Nevertheless the amplitude of Egyptian thought could and did conceive, after its own kind, the Zoroastrian ideal and offer to the God of Light, as his own altar, the dark heart of a mountain. If the Gods would accept worship from a mountain it should be theirs; but the mountain must first be rendered worthy of the worship; its core should be hewn from it; its native roof should be held up to heaven by giants of stone; its cavernous walls should tell the pictured aspirations of the land; its dark recesses should prompt the love of light; and its very heart should serve as altar. Such the theory: the practice was the unique and wondrous shrine of Abu Simbel in Nubia. Numerous caves in many lands have been enlarged by men for religious purposes, and temples have been carved in the mountain sides of India and elsewhere, but none quite in the spirit or grandeur of Abu Simbel.

Whence came the birth of this mighty temple marooned in the desert between the first and second cataracts of the Nile? What sudden inspiration filled the architect of Sesostris, bidding him forget the columned halls and detached pylons of Egypt's many temples, and, breaking away from all the tenets of the most conservative of ancient civilizations, conjure a lonely and inanimate mountain of Nubia into a living anthem to the Gods? If you ask your guide-books they will tell you, with inconsequent reasonings, that it was the rock-carved tombs at Beni Hassan and Abydos that begat an exaggerated copy in Nubia, or that the idea was introduced from some distant land. It may be so, yet I think not. The mind which designed the angle of the portal so that the rising sun, the morning-born Ra, should once a year send his beams through the dark temple and bathe his altar in the light was not the mind of any plagiarist. As I wandered years ago in the silent halls of Abu Simbel a greater force than mere copying, however grand the scale, seemed to me to have possessed the creator of this House of the Gods.

There are epochs in the lives of nations when the atmosphere is full of whispered innovations and vibrates with noble promptings to its people. All Europe awoke from its stupor of the dark ages with dazed eyes and indifferent vigor in the renaissance, but its hour of full awakening had not come until Vasco da Gama, Columbus, Cortes, Drake, Raleigh, and a host of their compeers had widened the practical vision of men, and Bacon, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Lopes de Vega and the mighty thinkers of their era had opened new roads of thought. The beginning of the renaissance has always seemed to me like the false dawn of the Arabs, "the wolf's tail in the sky" which heralds in the real day; and its sunset may be fitly placed on the 22d of April, 1616, when Shakespeare and Cervantes at the same hour died in their respective lands—as if they had purposed to meet together and discuss their large knowledge of mankind on astral planes.

So was it in Egypt when the lonely mountain in Nubia was transformed into the temple of Abu Simbel. It was born in spacious times; in the golden age of Egypt when the Ramesesan dynasty was making her mistress of the known world, and men looked upward with far-reaching hope and original effort. If you will come with me to this mighty shrine of Ammon, Isis and Ra we may find food for thought amongst its silences. Let us leave behind us the beaten tracks of Egypt and imagine that our dahabeeah has safely threaded its way up the first cataracts, and passed the

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boulder-crowned islands guarding the entrance of Nubia, the largest of which, Philae, shines like a jewel set in the waters —a mosaic of green palms and golden sands, of brown rocks and the white temples of a buried religion.

The southern river is far more beautiful in the many changes of its scenery, but that beauty partakes more of the sterner qualities of nature than the soft landscapes of Egypt. The fields that stretch far out of sight till lost at the feet of the desert hills are gone, and nowhere can be seen those heavy crops that gave Egypt the name of the land of plenty. In their stead rise craggy bluffs of gray granite, gneiss, or black basalt, by which the deep river flows; or else, widening out, its waters travel between rival channels of bordering sand which run in streams of gold down the hills, ever wearing them down with their soft shifting flood. Poverty is written on the face of this sun-scorched country, and its scanty population tills with zealous care the narrow strip of ground that, as Herodotus says, "is a gift of the Nile". From this they extract their slender harvest of beans and grain, while they almost subsist on the palm, which grows in far greater profusion here than in Egypt.

In one favored locality, between Korosko and Derr, there are miles of these date-palms—a lovely band of dark green undulating with the bends of the river against the desert back-ground of browns and gold. Marshalled in grove after grove, with breaks so rare that the entering sunlight makes the green shadows intense, they skirt the river. Along their feet play incessantly the many sakirs that gladden the Nubian's heart, as their moaning wheels turn a constant stream from the revolving pitchers into the channels of the small and precious fields. A walk under the deep shade of these palms, with their sighing leaves above and the fitful lights and shadows checkering the ground as the sun plays through the bending stems, produces an impressive effect upon anyone who has an eye and mind for the beauties of nature. In some places the trees are so thickly planted that to keep a straight path is impossible, and one has to find a winding way through their tangled glades; while, as the foot breaks some twig or disturbs a stone, the palm-doves that perch in the spreading leaves flutter off at the sound, with a sudden rustle that causes you momentarily to think them spirits of the dim past, whose rest you have disturbed in the gloom of their leaf-shaded home. Then again, passing onwards, you reach clearer ground, where a few giants tower to unusual height, crowned with their graceful panoply of green, the free space around giving them space for growth which their denser neighbors have not enjoyed. After wandering long amongst these lovely trees you will emerge on some field of doura, set like a patch of pale green velvet in the darkness of its girdling palms. The creaking of a distant sakir sends its suggestive echoes through the wood, and following the sound, you find yourself once more on the bank of the river, where the patient toiling buffalo is droning its useful life away at the groaning wheel. The little naked driver springs from his seat on the running-bar, lisping out in his every-ready way: "Back-see-sh-ya-how-aga!" dispelling reveries and romantic thoughts, and recalling you to the practical world outside the dreamland of palm-grove shadows.

But not all fair sailing will be our portion on the voyage to the Abu Simbel. Weary delays must be encountered in polling or warping up the tortuous course of the river, and avoiding the numerous shoals and sand banks. Many a time betwixt the first cataracts and our goal will Ra, the Sun God, sink behind his Lybian hills, and oblige us to moor the unwieldly boat at some humble village of mud huts for the night. As the mooring pegs are driven into the bank and the ropes made fast, the good villagers troop down to watch us, bringing uncouth daggers, barbed spears and arrows and leathern goods to barter for our simple gifts, amongst the most coveted of which will be an empty wine bottle to hold the oil needed to give your Ethiopian a cheerful countenance. Shyly come first the children, big-stomached little nude figures, with the eyes of gazelles, gazing, thumb in mouth, at the big boat and our strange ways. Then follow the mothers,

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each a Queen of Sheba in her erect carriage and unconscious grace, with babe on head or shoulder and her black hair bedecked with a Danae shower of small shells and coins. Then follow the stalwart workers of the shadoofs and sakirs, living statues of bronze; then the elders; grave and reverend seigneurs of the wilds, eager to discuss the outside world when assisted by much inward coffee and tobacco smoke. At night the village sleeps and all is quiet, save for the constant protest of the dogs disturbed in their canine dreams by some assertive owl or prowling jackal.

But the longest lane has its turning and under the opening eyelids of the dawn we quit the hospitable bank of our final village for the bourse of our voyage. In these last few miles of our journey the scenery is sterile and desolate. On the western side, low, rounded hills rise in easy slopes from the river, beyond which, and far away to the horizon, stretches the desert sand, till its borders are lost in the pale blue of the distant sky. On the other and eastern side, plain has turned to hill, the desert to bleak ranges, and in the place of the smooth wind-shifted sand, tall conically-topped mountains rise in rugged peaks and broken gorges, while neither tree nor bush exists to lend colour to the view, or break the endless sameness of the prospect. There is much of this monotony of scenery to be passed; but as we turn the promontory of Ibraheem we shall obtain our first sight of Abu Simbel rising from the water's edge like a pale blue cloud in the far distance, and the four colossal figures of Rameses which for ages have guarded its portal, vibrating that oft-felt message "take off thy shoes for the ground whereon thou standest is holy". Gradually increasing in size as the dahabeeah creeps onward, they wear a strangely lifelike look; but as their gigantic dimensions develop, and the bold outlines of their forms become more visible, their majestic calm and the utter solitude of their positions, impress the attention vividly with a sense of mystery and grandeur. Nothing in Egypt or Nubia, nor even the mighty ruins of Karnak, with the heaped-up splendour of its bygone palaces and power, infuses such a feeling of awe and wonder as the Nile traveller experiences when first he sights these four enormous figures, throned before the rock-temple of Abu Simbel.

There are two distinct temples at Abu Simbel, but the lesser one, dedicated to the Goddess Athor, is dwarfed by comparison with the stupendous greatness of its neighbor. Cut in the rock of the mountain-face, its facade is neary one hundred feet high, and on each side of the portal sit two colossal figures of Rameses II, who built or rather carved it, in testimony of his conquests and in honor of his gods. These enormous statues are sixty-six feet in height, each of their forefingers alone being a yard long; but the figure next the right-hand side of the entrance as you face the temple has been broken off at the waist, and lies, in itself an imposing ruin, at the foot of its tenantless throne. The sand that has drifted down the mountain-side has covered the farther right-hand effigy up to the knees; but otherwise, both this and the two upon the left are wonderfully well-preserved, and show hardly any traces of the ages which have elapsed since their first modelling. There is something intensely grand in the changeless calm of their faces, a royalty of mien that is very striking and, as a rule, wanting in most of the statues of the Pharaohs. In a deep niche over the door stands a figure, in high relief, of Ra the Sun God, crowned with the disc emblematical of his attitude, and facing, as does the temple itself, that East wherefrom the divinity of day each morn, born afresh to life, shines on this monument built in his honor by the great Sesostris.

Lighting the candles, which our accompanying Arab sailors have fixed at the ends of long sticks for illuminating the higher sculptures of the walls, we enter the great hall of the temple, and stand in the dim gloom of its interior. The roof of this enormous shrine, cut in the heart of the mountain, is supported by eight columns of the native rock, against each of which stands a figure of Osiris almost as high as the roof itself, with tender hands folded across their breasts, holding the signs of

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life and power; but the sand which has drifted in has covered the statues nearly up to the knees. The stillness of the chamber is so deep that its silence can be almost felt, while the quiet faces of these Osiride figures watch with impassive eyes the modern beings come to visit their abode. It is the restless Present wandering through the peaceful halls of the Past. The echoing sound of our footsteps seems a profanation, and our intrusive lights, playing on column and background of sculptured wall, throws shadows that make a weird show of life in the mysterious scene.

Passing on to the next hall, containing four columns, the adytum or sanctuary is reached, in the farthest wall of which (about two hundred yards from the temple-door) opens a wide niche wherein are four statues, in a sitting position, in high relief, but much decayed with age. Here, on the altar that stands in the center of this chamber, three thousand years ago, the great Sesostris, the conqueror of almost every nation then known, sacrificed to his gods, in thanks for his many victories, and with prayers for future prosperity. Pompous priests and princes, with rich pageants, filled these colossal courts and thronged the vast halls where now reign silence and solitude. The stillness of the place is oppressive. To speak loudly would be to violate the instincts of decorum, while the sound of a footfall, even on the yielding sand, grates on the ear. The sense of reverence for ancient worships is common, but in such a place as this, surrounded by the watching figures of Osiris, the godlike giver of life, and the emblems of a sublime faith in immortality—which gave Greece her religion, and has bequeathed many a tenet and doctrine to many cults—one feels an inexpressible awe at the convictions which found such noble expression.

This ancient shrine has been learnedly treated in numerous books, and for this sketch I have myself freely used the unpretentious descriptions in *Psalms and Temples*, but probably the passage most fitly expressing this marvellous labor of man occurs in Brugsch Bey's *History of Egypt*. He says, "There, in Nubia, on a solitary wall of rock, far removed from the dwellings of men, in hoary antiquity a temple was hewn to the great gods of the land of Egypt, Ammon of Thebes, Ptah of Memphis, Hormakhu of Heliopolis, and, as a fourth united with these, the new god Ramessu Miamun—hewn as if by enchantment—for this is the proper word, so bold, so powerful, so exceeding all human measure, as if giants had turned the bare rocks into a living work of art! Standing before this work, achieved by the hands of man, the thoughtful child of our modern age first feels the greatness of antiquity in its all-powerful might. It was not clever calculation, not profit nor utility, but the most elevated feeling of gratitude to God, that caused such a work to be executed—a work worthy of and fit for the immortal, inconceivable, almighty Deity, to whom the Ancients dedicated it in high veneration for the Everlasting and the Incomprehensible. After long wanderings, we step out of the darkness into the bright light of day, silent, our thoughts turned within, confounded and almost overpowered by the indescribable impression of our own helplessness. We have experienced, in the gigantic tomb of a time long past away, some portion of that nameless feeling which moved our forefathers of old in their inmost being at the sight of the most sublime of all dwellings made for the gods, the wonderful rock-temple of Ibsambul".

Dark as is the interior of the hallowed mountain its halls and sanctuaries are everywhere profusely covered with carved scenes of Egyptian life and battles and religious ceremonies. Many of these are exquisitely done and astonishingly lifelike in effect. The spirit of the architect seems to have imparted its own enthusiasm to every worker employed; and on the southern wall, where one of the many victories of Rameses II, the founder of the temple, is depicted, this is especially marked. Here, in the left-hand corner, is drawn a massive chariot, the wheels of which appear almost to move, so real is the graven action of the splendid horses pursuing the flying

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enemy, some of whom die under the chariot-wheels or the chargers' feet, or fly only to be overtaken and killed by the conquering Sesostris. One charioteer is specially lifelike, and the artist wishing to make the martial scene more realistic, has represented him as having the reins of his strong necked horses round his waist, so that he plunges through the battle with both arms free. The whole scene is so well designed and executed that its incidents appear almost to take place before the observer and, be it remembered, these are intaglios cut deep into the mountain-side.

One of the most interesting pictures is that of some Egyptians carrying the sacred arks to battle. These arks, when not in sacerdotal use, were always kept concealed in the temple of their particular god, and the representations of their shape resemble closely the description given of those of the Israelites, which Moses in the Exodus instructs them to build according to his measurements. Moses no doubt took the idea from the Egyptians, with whose doctrines and teachings his mind was deeply imbued, the apparently materialistic use of these models being symbolical of a divine help, as it was with the Egyptians themselves. Looking at the pictures of these ark-bearing Egyptians, the memorable story of the taking of the towns of Jericho and Ai is vividly brought to one's mind, and the Abu Simbel frescoes are eloquent illustrations of many passages in Joshua and Judges.

In all parts of the temple may be found, on wall and statue, inscriptions made by ancient and modern travellers; some of them deeply instructive but the majority unmeriting notice. Amongst the former is an interesting message in Greek incised by a Carian soldier on the leg of one of the colossi of the facade. The inscription was obviously made by a Grecian mercenary, serving in the army of Psammetichus and gives in soldierly brevity the story of the long journey of a force sent from Egypt into Ethiopia in pursuit of a worsted pretender to the Pharoah's throne. It is a profoundly interesting document in stone; would that we could say the same of the many other inscriptions in this wondrous fane. In that rosary of good conduct, "*At the Feet of the Master*" we are enjoined not to seek to appear clever and that the wise are ever modest. But alas, too often the strong individuality of wanderers persuades them to leave unnecessary testimonies of their presence at notable places. That keen critic of worth and decorum, Ruskin, tells us that when Darius carved upon a mountain side in Persia the proud statement "I am Darius the King", he wrote "a great book, the utterance of a great heart". And in the Bible and many an ancient classic we find numerous precedents for the inscribing of rocks and the building of cairns and the erection of commemorative tablets. Such mile-stones of history have proved of infinite value to us and in most cases had reason for their making. But not always is it well to imitate the lofty individualism and strong karma of a Darius, a Jacob, or a Xenophon. We can appreciate the purpose of, and are grateful to the hands which carved the Carian record at the portal of Abu Simbel, or set up the tabernacles of Moab. But we are necessarily less grateful to the hands of relic hunters who scalp the helpless victims of their travels, or write their names on the monuments of antiquity (I recall one instance where a signature, in letters a foot long, is written with the smoke of a torch on the roof of the tomb of a High Priest of Ammon).

There was current in London some few years ago a charming story of a famous explorer of Central Asia whose modesty is very apropos of our subject. Like many notable travellers he was slight in stature, and moreover possessed a "monstrous small voice, an it were any sucking dove" as Bottom the Weaver would put it. On the occasion referred to he was present at an octave dinner given by a noted London Judge, and amongst his fellow guests was one who talked somewhat too boastingly of his doings by land and sea. This loud-voiced declaimer was telling the attentive circle how he had passed unscathed through the fanatical tribes of the Oxus regions and

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had at last reached the ancient city of Samarcand, in which stands one of the most sacred mosques of Mohammedanism wherein none but true believers may enter. At this juncture of the story the owner of the small voice asked in his mild way,

"And did you go into the mosque?"

"Oh yes; a fine building but sadly in need of a rich Khan to repair it. Even the entrance steps are rickety".

"Did you go up those steps"? piped the enquiring voice.

"Yes; but why do you ask"?

"Did you"—persisted the little man—"observe a small beggar sitting on those steps in the shade picking fleas out of his blanket".

"Indeed I did"—laughed the big man—"and I gave the poor fellow a coin of some sort".

"Thank you very much"—gently replied the little man—"I was that beggar". And all eyes left the big talker for his diminutive questioner who looked, in immaculate evening dress, very unlike a Turkoman mendicant. Yet in a garb of rags he had conquered all the dangers of fanatical Asia, and given to the western world much of its inner knowledge of the Bokharan tribes.

On the right-hand side of Abu Simbel runs a deep gorge, some two or three hundred yards wide, which the winds of countless ages have filled with the sand of the desert. By struggling up this slope of sand in the devoted manner depicted in early illustrations of Bunyan's Pilgrim climbing the Hill of Difficulty, the mountain top may be reached. And from this natural dome of our Ramesesan cathedral may be obtained a glorious view of the land whereof, three thousand years ago, it was the religious center. Far away to the south may be seen the Nubian Nile winding through its barren wilderness of hill and sand to Wady Halfa, and the distant ranges, where the great river emerges from the wilds of Africa. To the north, sandy wastes extended in soft distance till lost in the indistinct line of the Tushka palm groves; while opposite, away to the horizon, rise clusters of conically shaped hills, which, beginning in broad bases and ending in sharp peaks, have been compared, and with much reason, to the Pyramids of Egypt. Splendid is the effect of the sun-setting over all this panorama of mountain, river, desert, and palm grove.

And if the Nubian Nile seems so royal under the rule of Ra, enthroned upon his golden sun, not less impressive, though full of gentler influences, looks his temple when he sleeps beyond the Lybian hills, and Isis his Goddess-mother, watches over his resting land from

"That orbed maiden
With white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon."

She has spread her spangled sleeve over a tired world, and Silence and Solitude are her laws. Nothing moves nor bespeaks the present save the ripple of the undying river, and the flutter of many bats darting unafraid before the face of Pharaoh. Over the mighty facade falls the silver benison of Isis, deepening the expression of peace upon the faces of those patient colossi in their nocturnal session and throwing into black-shadowed mystery the recesses wherefrom troop in endless procession the Spirits of the Past, treading with noiseless feet the sand-covered steps of Abu Simbel.

J. B. Lindon.

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*THE WORLD WITHOUT AND THE WORLD WITHIN**

We who live in the twentieth century, surrounded by the wonderful achievements of modern civilisation, can hardly feel sufficiently grateful to that body of earnest and self-sacrificing men, the scientists of to-day. Their labour has resulted in discoveries and inventions in every department of life, and if to-day two blades of grass grow where only one grew a century ago, it is the result of their work. We are as yet too near the day when the idea of evolution was ushered into the world to estimate fully its far-reaching effects on the intellectual world; there is no branch of philosophy, religion and ethics that has not been profoundly influenced thereby, and the glory of modern science is this conception of evolution as a cosmic principle.

Yet there is an aspect of evolution which seen makes life more pessimistic than any philosophy has ever done before. Granted that the world process is a magnificent procession from chaos to order, from indefinite to definite, from simple to complex, from good to better, to best, nevertheless the individual is shown to be a mere tool used for purposes not his own. Man is the helpless puppet of evolutionary forces that give him one life of seventy or eighty years and then destroy him, in order that out of the elements of his being a more perfect creature might be made.

Man's impotency before the forces of nature has ever been the theme of poets and philosophers from the dawn of time, but that impotency has never been so forcefully preached to men as by the idea of evolution as conceived by modern science. Man hoped for a hereafter, believed in a loving Father who would give him immortality; modern science would have us believe that these are as the mists of superstition that vanish when the sun of science emerges from the horizon.

It is the history of civilisation that when men felt themselves unable to dominate the forces of nature and of outer environment, they turned their energies to discover a world within themselves. Men have never tamely submitted to be tools of an overmastering Fate, to be the mere puppets of a drama written by a dramatist who is unknown and unseen; the spirit of man has broken out in rebellion and has gone out in discovery of worlds where men shall no longer be slaves but masters. Hence have arisen religions and philosophies, teaching men that however they might be slaves to outer laws of nature, they could be rulers and kings in an inner world of thought and feeling, of beauty and compassion.

The average of mankind is satisfied with the outer world alone, with what it provides them of sensations. A certain amount of bodily gratification through eating and drinking, a certain amount of desultory conversation, a little reading of a newspaper or a novel here and there, a theatre, an opera, and so many hours of business or social duties—these to them make up life. It does not require much thought to see how superficial is this existence, nor indeed how their rosy conception of life is darkened often by the shadows of illnesses and old age, and by that terrible shadow of death and dissolution. If Karma favours them, and wealth and health is their lot, they live a seemingly delightful existence; but imperceptibly the world detaches itself from them; their senses lose their keenness of response, the mind becomes rigid and stratified; they lose their firm grip on the world of sense, and not having sought the world of the spirit, they move on in the old grooves in a mechanical way in a world no longer theirs. It is no longer real life, life ever bringing fresh and fresh beauties, full of youthful joyousness. They have served Mammon and Mammon has betrayed them; they lived chiefly in the outer world, and finally the Fate that

*A lecture delivered to the Turin, Rome, Florence and Genoa Lodges of the Italian Theosophical Society.

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guides the circumstances of that world crushes them and casts them aside as useless in the larger scheme of evolution. They served matter and not the Spirit; they did not realise that the source of happiness is within and not without, and that no true life is possible unless perpetually we sense in all visible things an invisible element.

Men have been great, nations have been of the greatest use to humanity, only in so far as they discovered an inner world of the spirit and shaped it to be one of beauty. There has never been any great achievement which was not preceded by dwelling in an inner world; the greatest men have ever been mystics. Where there has been no mysticism to precede action, the effect of the action has been superficial; join action to mysticism and the world is immediately transformed.

The lesson of life to each, did we but know it, is that each must be a mystic. The joys that fade, the ambitions that are unfulfilled, the dreams that never come to realisation, are so many ways by which the spirit of man is taught to retire within, and there discover that true world of mysticism where he is master. If evolution in a world of forms prescribes a survival of the fittest, evolution in the realm of the spirit prescribes that men must transform the outer world of nature into an inner world of thoughts and feelings. And indeed, blindly, unconsciously, each is following this law of the Spirit; each one of us is to some extent a mystic, that is, each recognizes that thoughts and feelings of the inner world of hopes and ideals must dominate the circumstances of the outer world; unconsciously each is transforming the world of time and space and impermanency into that permanent world where the Spirit dwells in serenity as the ruler of his kingdom.

If then we are to live in life not utterly crushed by the feeling of an overmastering fate, if we are to retain the sense of youth and growth, we must each discover an inner world and become a mystic; and those of us who have already discovered it must make it larger, and shape it into one of beauty. How is this to be achieved?

As already mentioned, this is the theme of religion and philosophy. But unfortunately exoteric religion, as usually professed by men, and as taught by ministers of religion, and modern philosophies too, while they all postulate an inner world in contrast to the outer, show no intimate relation between the two. Religion tells man that he must save his soul, that is, withdraw utterly from the outer world of evolutionary forces; the outer world is one of temptation and he can learn nothing therefrom except how wonderful is the grace of God who lives in the inner world alone. Modern philosophies teach the power of the spirit to construct from observations of the outer world an inner world, but they can give no satisfactory reason why that outer world is at all necessary, why in fact there should be such a thing as evolution at all. Philosophy to-day builds structure after structure, and provides the thinker with a refuge of an inner world where he may dwell in a stoic resignation; but the utter uncertainty of modern philosophers as to any life after death and whether man's individuality will then persist with its self-conscious memories, makes modern philosophies but temporary shelters for such souls as want to *know*, not merely believe, that man is the lowest of angels and not the highest of the brutes. The two worlds, from the religious and the modern philosophic standpoint, are separate and unrelated; at best the cosmos is a total of interesting units, but not an inspiring synthetic whole.

Thus it follows that though religions and philosophies have helped mankind to discover an inner world, they have not enabled men to enlarge it and to bring it into one of harmony and beauty not discordant with the outer world of natural phenomena. And modern science here absolutely fails us, for the inner world is labelled a product of neurasthenia and banished as a childish phantasy.

This analysis of mysticism in general is in order that I might here contrast it with the conception of Theosophy of the relation between the realm of the Spirit and

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the realm of matter. With us, the visible world is but a fragment of the real world which is invisible; thoughts are things of substance, though that substance is invisible to our eyes; spirit and matter, energy and substance, are but manifestations of One Omnipotent Consciousness. In realms visible and invisible that One Consciousness is at work, bringing fragments of Himself, the human souls, nearer to Himself, to live consciously in a splendour of being and becoming. To Him there are no two worlds—one of the Spirit, and the other of material evolution. True, that we now feel a duality; but it is of the essence of the Divinity in us, of the life of the Logos in us, that step by step we make the two worlds one.

What is then the method, according to Theosophy, by which the inner and outer worlds are to be made one? Unhesitatingly our philosophy replies—*By Action.* By action—and not by contemplation alone, not by prayer alone?

Both contemplation and prayer are true manifestations of the mystical life and they are powerful sources of inspiration; but if they stand isolated and not linked to a life of action, they fall short of their aim, which is to unfold the divine attributes within us. By themselves, contemplation and prayer will carry a soul a part of the way; and if indeed the purpose of the spiritual life were for man to save his soul from the danger of damnation, they would carry him to final salvation; but it is the testimony of history that a mysticism that does not fructify in action degenerates into a sentimentality which brings in its train a multitude of evils. It weakens the character and instead of mystics losing themselves in the contemplation of God, they soon develop a subtle selfishness which is full of danger to themselves and most injurious to the welfare of others. Necessary as are contemplation and prayer in the spiritual life of man, there is a third element which vitalises both, and that is action.

The aim of human progress, says Theosophy, is not a salvation from some danger that awaits the soul; it is to co-operate with the Logos and to find a joy in learning to act as He acts in His world. Hence it follows that everything of his own personal progress and happiness the theosophist must subordinate to the great idea of helping others, and thereby of helping God. Now in activity of any kind thought is inseparable; each is complementary to the other; if thought is to grow and to be productive of more thought, it must result in action; if action is to tend to a desired aim, it must be the result of thought. In other words, the inner world each has of thought and feeling, however small that world may be, must be brought to work upon the outer world of circumstance; if we are to grow, we must not shut ourselves for ever in hermitages, merely contemplating men and God, hoping thereby to grow into a fuller life.

Action must be our ideal, and we must go into the outer world and use its forces; we must never forget that it is *there* we must act, on our fellowmen. Faust thought that in the love of Marguerite he would find that supremely happy moment, to which he might say, "Ah, tarry a while, thou art so fair"; but he found it only as he planned and began to achieve great schemes for the happiness of his fellowmen. It is an axiom that the inner world becomes more real and more beautiful as the outer is brought more under control.

We are then to act: but, as theosophists, our action must be different from that of men of the world. Many of them have greater powers of organisation, more brilliant abilities than we have; but most of their force goes to waste because the action is planned to react on the personal self. We must act with a sense of unity, not merely academically, as it were, but with a keen sympathy.

It is as a philosophy of reform, as a guide to action to the philanthropist, that the world presently will recognize Theosophy. Superficial readers of Theosophy imagine it to be a structure of mere ideas. True indeed that the evolution of the soul by reincarnation, man thereby becoming superman and then a god, the immutable law of justice which we call karma, the

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parallel evolutions of life and form, these and other truths are philosophical ideas of the greatest consequence. But Theosophy is not a synthesis of ideas; it is a synthesis of ideals. It is only those who have entered upon the theosophic life who know the fiery enthusiasm, the compassion and the heroism, evoked in the study of Theosophy; every scheme of human welfare or progress dreamt of by man seems to have started with a half intuition of Theosophy.

So then, to feel the fuller life of the Spirit, we must act for our fellow men. But for that we *must* have knowledge. It is not difficult to train one's self to be sympathetic as the world understands sympathy; but feeling another's pain, weeping with him, does not diminish that pain. The true sympathy always has in it an understanding, clear or only sensed, of the causes of the pain and the means to end it; and with true sympathy is born the power to help. The theosophical scheme of evolution must therefore be clearly grasped; the workings of the great cosmic plan must be studied. True action must ever be preceded by definite study.

And now I come to what, for us as theosophists, I consider the most important idea to keep before our minds. I have said that each must act; every soul is intended in the scheme of the Logos to give of his best to the whole, inevitably receiving from that scheme what is next needed for his evolution. It is because of this law the world has thousands of idealists; in religion, science, art, politics, philanthropy, we have men sacrificing themselves and doing the work of the Logos. If, in a world already having idealists working for reform in every direction, Theosophy is sent to help men, it is obvious that our work in the great scheme is different from that done by those idealists, who only sense Theosophy but do not know it. And it is of the utmost consequence to us as theosophists that we should know that our work *is* different.

We have our work to do, and it is this—to give the Truth, to proclaim Theosophy, to find out every possible means of spreading the theosophical ideas. Each one of us, specially after our theosophical studies, sees a hundred beautiful ways of reform in the world; if we attempt them, we shall waste our forces. That work others, not understanding Theosophy, can do, bringing nevertheless excellent results; there is a work for us in the scheme of things that only the theosophist can do. It is not for us to be reformers; rather it is for us to be the inspirers of reformers, telling them the true principles of every reform. Our own Alcyone has said it for us beautifully: "You must distinguish not only the useful from the useless, but the more useful from the less useful. To feed the poor is a good and noble and useful work; yet to feed their souls is nobler and more useful than to feed their bodies. Any rich man can feed the body, but only those who know can feed the soul. If you know, it is your duty to help others to know." We must, as theosophists, do the most useful work of which we are capable; and if we have entered into the spirit of Theosophy it means our work is to help our fellowmen to understand the great laws of evolution. To teach our brothers to discover the inner world, to make it more real to them, to help them to transform their ideas into ideals—that is our work. For to help another to see an ideal for himself is to awaken his soul. Beautifully has the great Buddha said: "The gift of the Truth is the greatest of all gifts."

One of the inspiring experiences in our theosophic life is that we gain proof of the truths of Theosophy as we help others to see them. Our desire to help another, to explain to him the causes of his pain, and how he may end them, widens the channel within us to the Divine; in beautiful intuitions, in wise philosophical arguments, in many a deep conviction which nothing can shake, we finds ways how to "prove all things, hold fast that which is good". There is no swifter way of growing "as the flower grows" than by passing on the little light we have to others who have still less.

Our ideal of action then must be to be proclaimers of the Truth; that is our special work which the Lords of Karma

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offer us as the result of our good deeds in past lives. "Know thyself" said the oracle, and indeed it is only as we know what is our special work that we begin self-knowledge; it is as we perform that work that the inner world grows in magnitude and beauty, and mysterious as it may sound, then the outer world becomes the inner too.

But this unification of the two worlds must be achieved by struggle, for combat is the keynote of life. In the animal world it is the struggle of individual against individual, for the survival of the fittest; in men it is against the resultant characteristics of selfishness evolved in building the individual out of the animal. Man's enemy is selfishness—selfishness that takes the subtle forms of love of approbation, ambition, love of power, intellectual pride, desire for psychic growth, desire for recognition of his merits by others. Every idealist must fight his way to his ideal, and his enemies are not extraneous to himself; they are his own limitations. But if he has striven not for his own personal success but for the victory of his ideal, then with victory follows that peace when the soul "grows as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air." However dark the hour of storm, if the motive during the combat be devotion to an ideal, then, with victory follows the discovery of that mystery that "each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life."

Io ho veduto tutto il verno prima
Lo prun mostrasi rigido e feroce,
*Poscia portar la rosa in su la cima.**

We theosophists too find this universal law of struggle exemplified in the search of our ideals. In most of us the grosser forms of selfishness have been eliminated by suffering in past lives: yet still remain subtle forms of spiritual selfishness, which make us forget that we are to seek the truth not in order that we may lessen our own suffering but to lessen the suffering of others. There begins our struggle to forget ourselves.

Yet forget we must, though every evil tendency of our past lives rises up in arms against us; they cling to us, drag us down, refuse to be abandoned; they change shape and disguise themselves to blind our understanding. The thirst for sense-gratification veils itself as a laudable desire for knowledge of the mysteries of life; the selfish prejudices of the mind masquerade as ideals. It is with these our struggle lies.

If in the struggle to transform the world without into the world within we are to be victors and not vanquished, then we must follow the only principle of conduct known to occultism—whole-hearted dedication to the welfare of others. Christ said: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me"; the Buddha said, "Brothers, if any desire to help Me, let them help one that is sick." "Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed. . . . To reach Nirvana one must reach self-knowledge, and self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child." All the world's greatest teachers are united in this, that men that seek Them must "try to lift a little of the heavy karma of the world", ere They shall be found. And though all that seek Them will eventually find Them, yet we Theosophists to-day who know in what ways They are at this moment working for the world shall find Them soonest as we utterly forget ourselves and bring every faculty to bear on the success of Their immediate work.

Our path of action then will be a path of struggle, of never-ceasing struggle to renounce our lower self and its interests in order that we may worthily serve our ideals; each faculty will have to be tested and dedicated to the Great Work. We shall be as soldiers in an army on the

*I have seen all the winter through the briar show itself thorny and forbidding, and then it bore a rose upon its summit." *The Divine Comedy*, Paradise xiii, 133.

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field, units in a vanguard marching to free the road from obstacles; but we shall never be left alone when danger confronts us. For, if we seek, we shall find the Captain who shall ever lead. He is the Master, that wonderful personality in whom is found in perfection those qualities each dreams of for himself as the perfect man; in Him is found in flower every virtue that we possess in germ.

Every idealist is going towards that special Master who will be his "Captain of Salvation"; most idealists will not know their Master, it may be, for lives to come. But we, idealists proclaiming Theosophy, we may now know our Master if we will; He is the embodiment of every ideal of which we have ever dreamed. And when we shall know Him, then indeed there can be no stress of battle, no storm or darkness where we shall not hear His voice or see His signal.

Waiting the word of the Master,
Watching the Hidden Light;
Listening to catch His orders
In the very midst of the fight;
Seeing His slightest signal
Across the heads of the throng;
Hearing His faintest whisper
Above earth's loudest song."

There *is* an inner world, the only world worth possessing; poets have dreamed of it, the master-musicians proclaim it. But we shall not find it by seeking it for ourselves. It will be ours only as we are worthy of our trust; it becomes ours as soon as we turn our eyes to a Master, doing all good works "in His name and for the love of mankind."

To each soul is given a trust in accordance with the needs of the Great Work; to us the trust to-day is to prepare "the way of the Lord". Thousands outside of the Theosophical Society are preparing that way; but *our* duty is to prepare it by spreading three great truths:

1. "The Soul of Man is immortal and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour has no limit."

2. "The Principle which gives life dwells in us and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen or felt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception."

3. "Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself, the decreer of his reward or his punishment."

Let us concentrate our attention on our special work, devote heart and mind to its success; and though the work will be difficult, and thorns be found on our way, yet such visions of beauty will unfold before our eyes that we shall little care for the thorns that bruise our feet. Let us fulfil the trust laid on us, and then the outer and inner worlds will become one, and so shall we come into our heritage as the Sons of God.

C. Jinarajadasa.

ATTAINMENT

'Tis thou, O Spirit, dost within my soul
This weakly thought with thine own life amend;
Rejoicing, dost thy rapid pinions lend
Me, and dost wing me to that lofty goal,
Where secret portals ope and fetters break—
And thou dost grant me, by thy grace complete,
Fortune to spurn, and death; O high retreat,
Which few attain, and fewer yet forsake!
Girdled with gates of brass in every part,
Prisoned and bound in vain,—'tis MINE to rise
Through sparkling fields of air to pierce the skies
Till, raised on clouds of contemplation vast,
Light, Leader, Law, Creator, I ATTAIN at last!

(*From Frith's "Life of Giordano Bruno."*)

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THE VOICE OF NATURE

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy."

One of the best known nature lovers, John Muir, calls attention to the absolute need for everyone to return, at least occasionally, to the fields and forests for a plunge into primitive, natural wildness. It is a great joy to return as nearly as possible to free savagery in all material things, and then by the resources of one's own wits construct one's own civilization from whatever may be available. So many things change their perspective when seen from such a retreat. So many of the so-called "necessities" are found to be the veriest luxuries, and the real needs of life are found to be so few and so simple that when one comes back to the paved streets, trees planted in straight lines, flower-beds which resemble the shop-window of a milliner, floors with carpets on them, and the other artificialities of civilized life, they seem like fetters and chains.

So when the jangle of this twentieth century life depresses, I love to go to Mother Nature and let her hold me close to her great throbbing heart, and like some blind mute who reads in raised letters some exquisite story he can neither see nor articulate, yet fully comprehends, I read by the sensitive touch of my higher nature the sweet, strange story of the brook as it ripples over its stones on its way to the sea; the secrets of the creatures of earth and of air; the memoirs of the rocks of the field, which tell me of strange phases of life in fire-mist, ocean-bed and volcano, and of wondrous glacial journeys; and the fascinating tales written in symbol and glyph by the stars in their tremulous ministry to the night.

Even the sparks of my camp-fire, as they rush upward in great haste to reunite themselves with the elements, speak of the hastening of every material thing toward its dissolution. In this one respect there is little difference between the butterfly or the flower of a day and the granite of our "everlasting" hills. Everything hastens through innumerable degrees of development, from its origin to its destruction. No, not destruction, but toward its further evolution. The whole nature of any given thing is not expressed in any single moment of its existence. If it is to be really known, it must be studied with relation to its past, its present and its future.

And for these narratives of Nature I pay no price, yet they are only whispered on the condition of a feeling of identity. "Dost thou believe", whispers Nature's voice, "dost thou believe that thou art brother to the stars and kin to the worm?" And if I hesitate not, but smile at the thought, then the voice speaks of other and more definite things.

Our poets mourn, "Pan hath gone," and "Balder the beautiful is dead." But the voice tells me the great god Pan is not dead; that he still lives, laughs at and outlives us all. All the gods of ancient Greece still live to those who have eyes to see them as they flit through cool forest paths or bathe in sequestered mountain pools, or have ears to hear their voices in nature's sounds.

The voice of Nature also tells me that every shrub, every tree, every tender herb, blade of grass and growing flower has its own life that comes straight from the font of Being, and each has likewise its own character and personality. Rightly the ancients taught that the Earth was a goddess, ensouled and conscious. That somewhere, deep down in the great heart of Mother Nature—the dear Mother, Alma Mater—well named, indeed, and fittingly invested with feminine attributes—lies a fountain of universal life, one life, common to us all, from which ever flows everything that is good, everything that is beautiful. Her thoughts take form in tree, shrub, plant and flower; crocus-form, violet-form, daffodil-form in spring; lily-form, geranium-form, golden-rod-form in summer; aster-form, dahlia-form, chrysanthemum-form in autumn. And what must her

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thoughts of beauty be like which flow to the outer world through the channel of the rose family? And the lilies! What thoughts of grace, purity and loveliness must be hers to give us such a fitting symbol! The iris, growing wild in moist meadows, always suggests the lesson of trustfulness which the Master saw in it, but if we wisely "consider the lily," there are other lessons we shall learn from it than that of our Father's care. We shall find that the lily, like many another blossom, is full of architecture, as distinct and definite as that of a Gothic arch and with not dissimilar curves; showing that art forms, as we think of them, are really necessities, part of the necessity that all structural things are under, of being beautiful, as Claude Bragdon has so elaborately pointed out in his book, "The Beautiful Necessity." Every plant that grows, every flower that blooms, has that within, or an atmosphere without, which will select and reject, which will guide the tides of life and build them into columns, arches, corridors and chambers, planned beforehand on some airy trestleboard.

Flowers, and especially the wild ones growing where the creative force placed them, independent of man's care, have a place in the world that is wholly unconnected with utility. Their petals, in their pure symmetry, show that law is beauty, and that beauty is law. Their influence broadens and softens the nature of man, and tends ever to bring him nearer to the point where he can perceive his identity with the One Life. Even the great leader of American agnosticism recognized this when he wrote, "Every flower that gives its fragrance to the wandering wind leaves its influence on the soul of man." Truly, the blossom is brother to us and its beauty is human beauty.

To be at one with nature and to hear her sing! In her song we may find all things. The shout of victory and the cry of those who fall are there, intermingled with the rustling of leaves, the babbling of brooks, the murmur of the waves and the song of the nightingale and mockingbird. We think of Nature's music as vocal; and yet it is not entirely so. For do we not hear her instrumental music in the rumble of the thunderstorm, in the central tone of cataracts and waterfalls, and in the shrilling of crickets and grasshoppers? Considering these sounds as a whole we find in them a complete range of tones. And in inventing his own musical instruments man has borrowed from nature. His drums imitate her thunder and his tambourines and castinets have in them something of the cicada quality. Every beat of the big bass drum, the drum of war, suggests destruction; it voices the mood from which destruction comes, and for which destruction is easy. In the tambourine of the colored minstrel there is much of the irresponsible, irrepressible mirth and rattle of crickets and grasshoppers. In both, there is a stirring, exciting quality, which makes the nerves tingle and the blood run warm. And we find these same qualities in the whole range of human music, from the war-drum and tom-tom of the savage to the most modern orchestral music, with its richer backgrounds of drum music.

How many unnumbered millions have walked through this lovely world unconscious of its splendor, beauty and loveliness? How many persons have never watched the opening and closing of a flower; the blowing of a bud; the movements of a fish in water or the formation of a cloud? One steeped and saturated in material things cannot hear the music the rose makes as it unfolds, nor can he listen to the glorious teaching of carnation, violet or golden rod, or hear the singing of the wood-thrush in the thicket. One of these wondrous birds nests in the shrubbery back of my tent and sings its strain of three or four long-drawn, sleepy notes just after the shades have fallen and evening and night are coming on apace. It calls to peaceful slumber and pleasing dreams; but the enchantment of twilight is stronger than the pleading of Morpheus, and outside my tent I await the appearance of the stars.

There are moments in our lives when the deeper feelings of the heart rise to the surface and bid all the small things that fill the lion's share of every-day life be silent. One

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of these moments is just after sunset, when the first stars show themselves against the velvet sky and Nature is lulled to sleep by the harmonious melody of all her kingdoms. I lay me down on the cool green turf and gaze upward into immeasurable space, where universes, specter-like, periodically come into being and as silently pass away. One by one the stars appear; Antares of the Scorpion, the star of summer, gleams like a beacon-light above the southern horizon, the Northern Crown sparkles above me, and I feel that the earth is no longer in the central point, but a heavenly body floating in an ocean of ether among an endless number of other planets. In every fixed star I see a sun, surrounded like ours by wandering planets, to which it gives day and night, spring and summer, autumn and winter, and an harmonious arrangement even beyond this, in which suns, like our planets, are parts of a great system; this again is part of a higher and higher still, thought having no limits to confine it. With these thoughts in mind one becomes a denizen of the universe, in fact as well as in theory.

As students of theosophy we frequently have our attention called to the various stages of development in which we find the human mind, owing to the different conditions of existence on our earth. But what are these dissimilarities of condition when compared to those which exist in all the planets! Amidst these innumerable worlds there is every possible dissimilarity with regard to light, age, radiation, diameter and distance from parent suns. The variety in the nature of the planets of our own system is very great, but if we extend our thoughts over the whole universe the differences are endless. On some planets the creatures may possibly be on a far larger scale, on others far smaller than our own; on some, perhaps, they are formed of less solid matter, or may, indeed, approach the transparency of ether, or, on others again, be formed of much denser matter. The rational creatures on some planets may be capable of receiving far quicker, more acute, and more distinct impressions than we, and on others it may be quite the contrary. While our exact knowledge as to intellectual forms of existence in these other worlds is practically nil, we feel compelled to acknowledge that an endless number of degrees of mental development may exist above the point we have reached. Yet our race is still in its youth on earth; it has a long futurity in prospect for higher development, and we believe that those who play their part well will have an opportunity to rise to a still greater summit. Enshrouded in mystery, the stars witness nightly the heedlessness and lack of interest on the part of those who idly pass them by, when, instead, by lifting their eyes above the horizon they might feed their minds with the inspirations of the universe.

As I gaze into the illimitable expanse a meteor glides silently across the sky like some ghostly visitant from space. Were the shooting star endowed with speech what wonderful tales it might tell of its experiences before the final catastrophe which announced its destruction in a blaze of glory. For thousands of years it roamed through space in comparative safety, but on this fatal night it ventured too near, and although for a moment it surpassed in brilliancy every star in the firmament, the darkness which speedily followed soon consigned it to oblivion.

Edwin B. Catlin.



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MR. LEADBEATER IN JAVA

The following notes concerning the tour of Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Van Manen in Java will be of interest. After leaving Sumatra they touched Singapore, where they made the acquaintance of two zealous representatives of the small local group.

Leaving Singapore on August 4th, they duly arrived in Java on Sunday, August 6th. A number of members awaited them at Tandjong Priok, the harbour of Batavia, and accompanied them to the latter town. Immediately a first meeting was organised, and their activities in Java were inaugurated by four meetings on the first day of their stay in the island. Next day another three meetings were held, wherewith the work in Batavia was, for the time being, concluded. Next they visited Bandung and Djokdjakarta. An equally strenuous programme was carried out in these places. Amongst those present in the members' meeting at Djokdjakarta was Prince Surya Ngalogo, Ruler of the House of Paku Alam. In the evening he was also present at the public lecture, bringing with him his wife and his four sisters, a rare token of interest, and a remarkable fact in a Muhammadan country. Next morning our travellers paid a hurried visit to the Prince's palace and spent a pleasant hour with this most hospitable host, who showed his guests, amongst other things, various antiquities, works of art and ethnographic objects.

From Djokdjakarta an old friend, Mr. Th. Vreede, conducted the travellers in a motor car to Semarang, *via* the splendid ruins of Borobudur and Mendut. They spent the night in the rest-house attached to Borobudur and devoted some hours to the examining and admiring of this splendid and unique relic of the past, one of the finest monuments which Buddhism has bequeathed to the world. In Semarang the usual meetings were held. Next day these were resumed, but in the afternoon Mr. Van Manen, accompanied by Mr. Van Hinloopen Labberton, went to a neighbouring place, Demak, to give a lecture to the local Lodge, entirely composed of Javanese and Chinese members. On the 13th the party went to Surabaya, which they reached in the evening. A meeting was held, lasting from 6:30 until 11, and early in the morning (5:30) the party went to Malang, where they arrived at noon.

They stayed not in Malang, but in a place near by called Krebet, at the hospitable home of Mr. K. Van Gelder, an old member. Here also many meetings were held, interlarded with long conversations and interviews, and both Mr. Van Manen and Mr. Van Hinloopen Labberton went in the evenings to Malang, each to deliver a public lecture, the one to the European public and the other to the Javanese members. On the 16th a motor car brought the travellers back to Surabaya, where the remainder of that same day, and the whole of the following one were filled by a succession of meetings. Surabaya possesses the largest Lodge in the island, and consequently the meetings were exceedingly well attended. On Friday, 18th, the party went to Surakarta, where again the usual three meetings a day were held. The travellers had the good fortune to be invited by Prince Kusumo di Ningrat, the brother of the reigning Susumunan or Ruler of Surakarta, to stay at his house, and a more charming and hospitable host could not be imagined. The insight thus afforded into the life of a high-born Javanese family was an interesting and much appreciated privilege, especially as the travellers were treated with the intimacy of genuine friendship, and were fully admitted into the family circle. In Surakarta the Lodge is almost exclusively composed of Javanese and Chinese members, so Mr. Van Hinloopen Labberton had a busy time and a difficult task in interpreting all that was said into the Javanese vernacular or the *lingua franca*, Malay.

On the 20th, they left Surakarta behind and reached Tjilatjap. In this pretty little seaport on the south coast they found a very few but very earnest lonely members, with whom they spent a day and a half. The usual lectures and conversations filled most part of the waking hours of this period, but a few of them were devoted to a visit to an

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island quite near, with much legendary lore attached to it, answering to the pretty name of Nusa Kembangan. From Tjilatjap the earliest train in this tour (departure 5:13 A M.) brought the travellers back again to Bandung, and another series of meetings was held there during another day and a half. On Thursday, 24th, the party moved on again and went to Buitenzorg, the seat of the administration of the Dutch East Indian Sub-Section. Mr. Leadbeater found quarters with our old friends the Van Hinloopen Labberton family and Mr. Van Manen with equally old members of the Society, Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Vreede. A torrent of meetings in concentrated frequency was now poured upon the Buitenzorg members, joined by some others from Batavia, Bandung and Djokdjakarta. On Sunday, 27th, they again visited Batavia in order to utilise the opportunity of the holiday, and as many meetings were crammed into the day as could be digested by the enthusiastic local members. On Monday, 28th, the party returned to Buitenzorg, and from then till Thursday, 31st, the meetings scarcely ceased at all. On Friday, September 1st, the party, accompanied by many members, left Buitenzorg again, and the two travellers embarked at Tandjong Priok on the S. S. Hai-Phong of the Messageries Maritimes, finally leaving the Dutch East Indies.

On the return voyage they again touched Singapore and met our Theosophical friends there once more. Then after brief stops in Port Swettenham, Penang and Negapatam, the two travellers landed at Madras, safe and sound, on Monday, September 11th, and were back at Adyar a few hours later, warmly welcomed by its residents.

According to reports the whole tour was an unqualified success. Mr. Leadbeater's superabundant energy made it possible to squeeze in about a hundred meetings in scarcely one month's time. The public lectures were extensively reported in the press, nearly unanimously in a very favourable sense, and the members turned up everywhere in great numbers and with great enthusiasm.

A word of praise must be given to Mr. Labberton's energetic and valuable share in the work. He accompanied the travellers during the whole tour, translated (where necessary) everything into Javanese, Sundanese or Malay at a moment's notice, gave a few lectures in the vernacular himself, and was everywhere handy and ready with assistance in any form.

Dr. A. G. Vreede, too, merits mention on account of his excellent organisation of the tour, as well as for a considerable share in translating in Buitenzorg and Batavia.

And as to the members of Java: it is impossible to speak too highly of their hospitality, friendliness, and charming simplicity everywhere and at all times, as well as of their whole-hearted devotion to and genuine love for Theosophy.

The Theosophist.

REBIRTH

O, the earth is springing, springing,
  After parching months of drouth,
And the cool, gray clouds are winging
  From the soft, soft South;
And all greenly flush the hillsides,
  The valleys and the plains,
While the cattle by the rillsides
  Low their welcome to the rains—
While the cattle by the rillsides
  Low their welcome to the rains.

O, my heart is singing, singing,
  After weary nights and days,
And the fairest flowers are ringing
  All Life's hard, hard ways;
And the birds make glad the morrow,
  From the rough rock honey drips . . .
My Beloved hath healed my sorrow
  With the kisses of His lips—
My Beloved hath healed my sorrow
  With the kisses of His lips.

Marsyas.

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THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA



"A Pagan temple was erected upon the site where Solomon had builded him an house unto the Lord, and the foul rites of a heathen worship desecrated the land hallowed by the passion of our Saviour, But in the fourth century the Christian faith, which had been gradually winning its way throughout the empire, became recognised as the established religion and ere long Christian churches and a Christian worship replaced the temple of the heathen and the rites of paganism. Foremost amongst these structures dedicated to the services of the new religion stood the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, erected by the Empress Helena, the mother of the great Constantine. To her is attributed the discovery of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, and upon its site she erected the magnificent temple which bears its name."

So says Major Whitworth Porter in his most interesting book, *A History of the Knights of Malta.* And round this temple and its holy precincts erected by a devout queen, in the enthusiasm of her newly found and accepted faith, waged for many, many years constant, costly, and bloodthirsty wars, carried on with wild fierceness in the name of Christ!

At first, devotion and pilgrimage only drew thousands from all parts of Europe to this shrine. But later on, when the all-conquering Mahomet, creeping along through Arabia and Egypt to Syria, took possession of Jerusalem and its Holy Land and shrines, peacefulness departed; and though the Mahometan Master still permitted the pilgrims they were much harassed until in course of time—about 1076—the Turkomans, barbarians from the regions beyond the Caspian Sea, swept on and captured Jerusalem, turning out and maltreating alike Christians and Mahommedans.

Before this invasion two hospitals had been built, one for either sex, near the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre; the one for men was dedicated to St. John the Almoner, and from the monks who served it and dispensed its charities and ministrations may be said to have sprung the great Order of St. John.

It was in 1093 that the monk, Peter the Hermit, preached a holy Crusade all through Europe, stirring up Christendom to unite in overthrowing the heathen and in regaining the Holy City; and histories tell us of the wild wars that were the outcome of this monk's enthusiasm, when all the best, bravest, and richest of Europe spent years, wealth, and lives in bitter battling for this coveted Holy Land.

Meanwhile the Egyptians had attacked the Turkomans in Palestine and were practically masters of the place; so that the Crusaders had two foes to fight—Turks and Egyptians.

In 1099 the Crusaders, an army of some 700,000 men, we are told, besieged and conquered Jerusalem amid a scene of carnage and horror that it is not well to think of, and a French prince, Godfrey of Bouillon, was unanimously elected ruler. He refused the title of King, saying "that he would never wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns," and he was styled Advocate of the Holy Sepulchre. It was he who, recognising the pious work done by the monks of St. John, bestowed lands and monies on the hospital and persuaded others to do so, until the Hospital of St. John owned manorial rights in every part of Europe. Then also warriors, weary of war, sought peace within its walls. The Rector of the Hospital of St. John at this time was a man called Peter Gerard, a native of Florence. But little else is known of his birth or antecedents. He had taken a pilgrimage to the Holy shrine and had been so impressed with the usefulness and powers of the Hospital that he remained an inmate of

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its walls, devoted himself to good works, and eventually became its head. He it was who "proposed that they should constitute themselves into a regularly organised religious body, taking upon themselves the three obligations of poverty, obedience, and chastity, and that they should devote the remainder of their lives to the service of the poor and the sick in the newly established kingdom of Jerusalem."

So great was the religious fervour at the time that this suggestion found great favor, and an Order was established which took upon themselves the prescribed vows and adopted a uniform. In 1113 Pope Pascal II sanctioned the Order and gave them certain rights of endowment, and within a comparatively short space of time branches of the Order established themselves in various provinces of Europe and for several years they were a brotherhood of peaceful recluses. But after the death of Gerard in 1118 wars had broken out again and the head of the Order, one Raymond du Puy, a notable warrior, proposed alteration in the vows of the Order, to the end that while they should retain all the previous vows, they should add the one of bearing arms in defence of their religion but for no other cause whatsoever. This was again approved of by men who, weary of the peace and quiet of monastic life, were surrounded by fightings and had need to use their swords. Thus was the Order of St. John of Jerusalem founded—by Peter Gerard first, and then by Raymond du Puy who was its first military master. The noblest of European names became enrolled among its members and in ages of bloodshed, barbarity, and debauchery noble were the deeds and histories of many of its knights, splendid and gallant their chivalry, and great their renown. Deepest romance still clings round their records.

The dress of the knights was simple to a degree. All ornamentation was strictly forbidden, the regulation being "that the furniture of the soldiers of Jesus Christ should be free from all golden or silver ornaments." Each part of their armour had allegorical and secret meanings; hence the sword, in shape of a cross, signified the death of Christ; the blades, double-edged, spoke for chivalry and justice; the spear bespoke of truth; the helmet modesty; the spurs diligence; the shield the duty of protection; and over the complete armour was worn the long, plain surcoat of black, bearing the big white cross on it.

Later on another Order was founded, under no less strict regulations but with no religious vows. These were given land near to the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem and were known as Knights of the Temple, or Knights-Templars. The members of this Order wore a white robe with a red cross upon it, to distinguish them from the Knights of St. John. There was still another Order, but one of less importance though its origin is said to have been older than either of the others; namely, the Order of St. Lazarus. They wore a green cross as their distinguishing badge.

Wars succeeded wars in the Holy Land. History tells us of the loss of Edessa to the Moslems, the storming of Damascus, and the siege of Ascalon—all stories full of deeds of prowess and valour on the part of the knights. Not that their records were stainless—there were fallings off, deeds of cruelty and tyranny, and ill-kept vows, but always the light of their chivalry and the controlling power of their vows gleams out brightly and forcibly in the stories of these wild times.

Then came the many years' wars with Saladin who, fierce fighter that he was, is said to have had codes of courtesy and honour and generosity as high as his knight enemies, and the fighting passed into Egypt and back to Palestine several times, including the fierce fighting round the Lake of Tiberias. In the several battles here, outnumbered by the infidels and parched by thirst, the Hospitallers and Templars were slaughtered in terrific numbers and the death-blow was struck to the Christian domination in Palestine. In 1187 Jerusalem fell, after a fourteen days' siege, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre once more became a Mahometar mosque. The Knights had fought with superb courage, and those who were not slaughtered in battle

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preferred death at the hands of Saladin to abjuring their faith.

But it was not until 1289 that the Crusaders were finally ejected from the Holy Land by the Moslems. After the disastrous siege of Acre, when the allied armies of France and England were cut to pieces, sorrowfully the remainder of the knights left the land where for two centuries they had fought so persistently and courageously; and sailed for Cyprus, where again they established a convent and speedily regained their old distinction by large contributions of men and money from all parts of Europe.

Space does not permit me to recount any details of the knights' sojourn in Cyprus, which was of some years' duration, nor to give particulars of how the Knights Templars, partly through treacheries and jealousies and partly through certain laxities of their own behaviour, came under the displeasure of Pope Clement V, and, Edward II of England abandoning them in their hour of need, large numbers of the Order were persecuted and tortured under the Inquisition, burnt at the stake and foully murdered, their lands, monies and monasteries confiscated, and the Order of the Templars practically wiped out. The chief center of the Knights of St. John remained in Cyprus for many years, always engaged in wars and tumults, but always maintaining the Order's high character for courage and chivalry.

It was early in the fourteenth century that the Grand Master of the Hospitallers —William de Villaret—turned his desires and attentions on the fair island of Rhodes as a stronghold and pied-à-terre for the Knights. It was a place of strong natural fortification and very securely held by Turk and Saracen merchants. Expedition after expedition was sent forth to subdue and dislodge the holders of the place, and eventually, in 1315, after a desperate siege, the Knights took possession of the island. Here they established themselves, rebuilt the war-shattered walls and ramparts, and entered upon a period of tranquility and industrious enterprise. The fertility of the land and its position as a sea-center for trade gave excellent opportunities for advantageous trading, and quickly war-exhausted coffers were filled and prosperity grew round the Hospitallers. But with wealth and peace came deterioration, and the annals of the Order shone less brightly in these years of calm, though the time of their occupation of Rhodes is one of the most interesting epochs in the history of the knights and deserves more than this passing mention.

But once again the Knights of St. John were to cross swords with Infidels, and in 1479 began hostilities with the Turks. Siege followed siege, with varying results and successes, until 1522, when, after a siege of six months by a foe of forty times their own numbers, after deeds of heroism and valour that all Europe watched and marvelled at, Rhodes fell to the Moslem invaders. Charles V. of Germany is said to have exclaimed on hearing the news, "There has been nothing in the world so well lost as Rhodes!" This famous siege of Rhodes took place in 1522 (the Knights had occupied the island for two hundred years) and on December twentieth of that year the place was formally surrendered to Solyman, the victorious Sultan of Turkey.

Candia was for a very short while the new home of the Knights, and they migrated to Messina, where L'Isle Adam, the old Grand Master of the Order received a bull from the Pope of Rome enjoining him to reform the Order. But their stay there was short, and it was early in 1530 that Charles, Emperor of Germany, made over by deed of gift "to the Knights of St. John the islands of Malta and Gozo and the city of Tripoli, together with all their castles and fortresses." It was to Malta that the gallant old L'Isle Adam took his main body of knights, establishing them there in the citidel of Citta Notabile (now called Citta Vecchia, "old town").

Says Porter, in his *Knights of Malta:* "Raymond du Puy has associated his name inseparably with the original foundation of the Institution. It was to Fulk de Villaret that the Order was indebted for their establishment in their lovely island-home at Rhodes, and it is to L'Isle Adam that the

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merit is due of having guided their fortunes to that rocky island in the centre of the Mediterranean where, for upwards of two centuries and a half, waved the banner of St. John, an honour to Christianity and a terror to the infidel of the East."

Here, then, the knights lived and fought and died. They builded great fortifications and opened trade to all parts. Grand Masters succeeded each other, of varying merits and achievements. Under the Grand Master D'Omedes, Tripoli, always held with difficulty, was lost to the Moors, who also made frequent raids upon Malta. In 1557 John de la Vallette became Grand Master and his rule was entirely a worthy and wise one. It was much harassed by many attacks on Malta by the Turks, and in May, 1565, a fleet of Turkish ships, consisting of 130 galleys carrying 30,000 men, arrived off the island and attacked and, after most desperate and prolonged fighting, won the important fort of St. Elmo, no less than 8,000 Turks and 1,500 Christians falling in the encounter. But in the following September, at an equal cost of life, the Turks were driven out of their hard won stronghold.

In 1566 La Vallette, finding the old towns and fortresses of Notabile, St. Elmo, and Citta Vittoriosa (named after the victory over the Turks) were in too dangerously exposed positions, laid the first stones of the new capital of the island, the town which is now called Valetta, after this fine old Master of the Knights, warrior, and leader of men. And in course of time—among the massive and interminable ramparts which still stand and make Malta look from the sea as if it were one colossal fort—grew up the big palaces of the knights. Each nation was represented by its own Grand Master and each Master built himself an *auberge*, and to-day we English use these fine old buildings for our post-offices, barracks, and hotels!

It must be understood that though the Knights of St. John took on themselves strict vows of celibacy they were never—after the earliest days in Jerusalem—monks; they were men of the world who stood high in the world, and were deeply concerned with the doings, politics, and issues of their times. They traded, educated, and moved with their world. Both at Cyprus and at Rhodes they developed large navies, and always they were concerned with the affairs of their own nations and estates.

The last Grand Master of the Hospitallers was Ferdinand de Hompesch—of a noble German family. He became Grand Master in July, 1797, on the death of Francois de Rohan. Of Hompesch Porter says: "He was the first knight of the German language who had ever been raised to that office, and it has since been most undeservedly made a reproach to that language generally that the solitary chief whom they furnished to the Order should so weakly and pusillanimously have betrayed its rights and interests." To-day, while the history and traditions of the Grand Masters and Knights still make Malta famous, while memories of them abound everywhere, while their tombs are venerated and their memories cherished, no one speaks of Hompesch; and some one told me recently that seeking for a portrait of him, they were told that there was only one in Malta and that was hidden away in the Palace.

Some historians declare that he was not a traitor of intention; that he was too weak and circumstances were too strong. However that may be, it was after the French Revolution, in the early days of the Directory, that Bonaparte, on his conquering way to Egypt, realized the strategical importance of Malta and determined to have it for his own. A very feeble invasion was made and a still feebler resistance was offered and, weakened by treason at home, Malta capitulated to Bonaparte on the twelfth of June, 1798, and on that day passed away forever the dominance of the Knights of the Order of St. John.

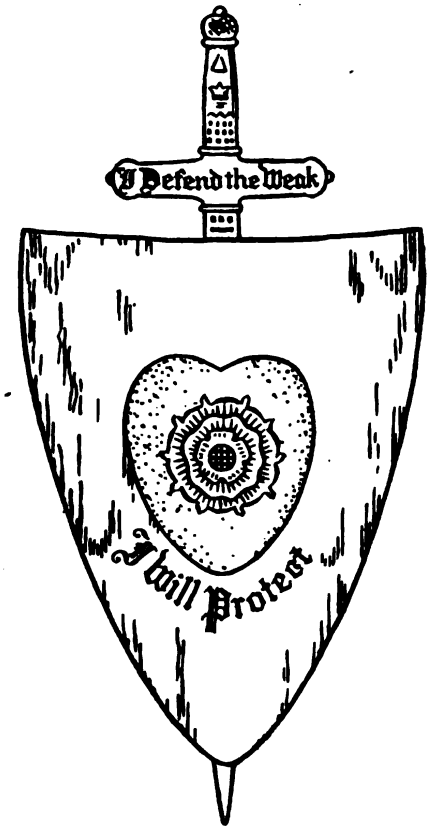
This is but a poor and meagre outline of the fine and interesting history of the Knights of Malta.

Let no one think that they were ideal men. The Order was brought into being in days when war and bloodshed, if not a pastime, was an immediate and unquestioned necessity of their lives. Cruelties that we

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shudder to read of were the natural outcome of warfare, and for many centuries they ruled and prospered by deeds of violence and injustice, by bloodshed, tortures, and the might of their swords, which as often as not fell on the innocent and weak as on the guilty and strong. Through all those ages slavery was rampant, with all its attendant miseries and evils and sufferings, and in common with others of the wealthy and powerful the knights counted thousands and thousands of wretched slaves among their worldly possessions and sources of wealth. Individually and collectively they often fell away from their high estate and were false to their vows of "poverty, obedience, and chastity." Often their lives were lawless and unholy. But always around them clung the reputation for high deeds, and honour that shone and stayed surviving many blots. Always the faith to which they were vowed was their beacon-light, and the main-spring, and the reason for the deeds that were done in the name of and for the love and honour of the Christ. Individually among them were noble men who by high dutifulness, self-abnegation and grand examples, by courage and discipline, helped to keep the Order the great power it was and its knights mindful of their vows and obligations. And for all time the romance and splendor of their courage, their glory, their chivalry and their religion must be associated with the stories of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Kate Graham.



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BACON'S "NOVUM ORGANUM"

Francis Bacon called his great work on logic the *Novum Organum*, in contrast to the *Organon*, or logical treatises of Aristotle. Aristotle had been looked to as the founder of logic, as well as of psychology, zoology, and most of the other sciences which have come down to us from the ancient world. In his important logical writings, finally grouped together as the *Organon* (or scientific instrument), Aristotle undertook an investigation of the process of reasoning and the structure of knowledge, the conditions and principles involved in the reaching of certainty, and the practical application of these principles in the doctrine of the syllogism. He classified also the various species of false reasoning and showed how false arguments could be refuted and exposed by the principles he elaborated.

His was a very complete theory of deduction, or method of proof—how particular facts follow some general principle which everybody admits. Mediæval times found Aristotelian logic imposed upon thinking as an external and arbitrary set of rules; the process of making distinctions was carried so far that scholastic logic was extremely cumbersome and artificial; its pretensions had swollen until it claimed to furnish a complete instrument of knowledge and a sure standard of discrimination; and its object seemed not to increase the knowledge of the world but to furnish a method by means of which the knowledge already possessed might be arranged as to be absolutely convincing.

Then the center of intellectual interest changed, so that by the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when men became conscious of the importance of gaining more knowledge and especially knowledge about nature, a new logic, or doctrine of method, was necessary, to aid them in their desire to make discoveries. This new point of view was put before them most clearly and effectively by the famous Francis Bacon. His was the method of Induction, or the method of passing from particular facts to general laws. Thus it was the opponent, the corollary, and the complement of the earlier method, for, though the distinction between proof and discovery corresponds in general between deduction and induction, both processes are constantly employed in conjunction.

The title of Bacon's work in full is *Novum Organum Scientiarum: Containing Rules for Conducting the Understanding in the Search of Truth: and Raising a Solid Structure of Universal Philosophy.*

The design of the book was "to advance a more perfect method of using the rational faculty than men were before acquainted with; in order to raise and improve the understanding, as far as its present imperfect state admits; and enable it to conquer and interpret the difficulties and obscurities of nature".

The work is divided into two parts; a preparatory section, and one that is scientific. In the preparatory part Bacon shows the advantages to be gained from a knowledge of nature, how it is man's business to be the minister and interpreter of nature, and that the discovery of her laws must not be left to chance but guided by a scientific method. "Knowledge and human power are synonymous, since ignorance of the cause prevents us from taking advantage of the effect." He seeks also in this division of the work to render the mind of the reader equable and unbiassed, discharged of false imaginations and perverted notions, levelled, polished, and set to receive and reflect the light of truth and just information.

His treatment of "Idols", or fallacies, as they would be called in a modern text-book of logic, "conclusions or interpretations resulting from processes of thinking which claim to be valid, but which fail to conform to the requirements of logic", is most interesting, "Idol" being a very happy choice of a word, in order to hold erroneous knowledge before us as a kind of idolatry, a worship paid to false gods which is due to the true. His particularization of the different sorts of Idols is so unique in names

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and descriptions as to merit direct quotation from the work itself.

"There are four kinds of Idols that possess the mind of man. In order to be better understood, we will assign names to them, and call the first kind, Idols of the Tribe; the second, Idols of the Den; the third, Idols of the Market; and the fourth, Idols of the Theatre.

"Idols of the Tribe have their foundation in human nature, and the whole tribe or race of mankind; for it is a false assertion, that the human sense is the measure of things, since all perceptions, both of the sense and mind, are with relation to man, and not with relation to the universe. But the human understanding is like an unequal mirror to the rays of things, which, mixing its own nature with the nature of things, distorts and perverts them.

"Idols of the Den are the Idols of every man in particular; for, besides the general aberrations or human nature, we every one of us have our peculiar Den or Cavern, which refracts and corrupts the light of nature, either because every man has his respective temper, education, acquaintance, course of reading, and authorities, or because of the differences of impressions, as they happen in a mind prejudiced or prepossessed, or in one that is calm and equal, etc. So that the human spirit, according to its disposition in individuals, is an uncertain, very disorderly, and almost accidental thing.

"There are also Idols that have their rise, as it were, from compact, and from the association of mankind; which on account of the commerce and dealings that men have with one another, we call Idols of the Market. For men associate by discourse, but words are imposed according to the capacity of the vulgar; whence a false and improper imposition of words strangely possesses the understanding. Nor do the explorations and definitions wherewith men of learning, in some cases, defend and vindicate themselves, any way repair the injury; for words absolutely force the understanding, put all things in confusion, and lead men away to idle controversies and subtleties, without number.

"Lastly, there are Idols which have got into the human mind, from the different tenets of philosophers, and the perverted laws of demonstration. And these we denominate Idols of the Theatre; because all the philosophies that have hitherto been invented or received, are but as so many stage plays, written or acted, as having shown nothing but fictitious and theatrical worlds. Nor is this said only of the ancient or present sects and philosophers, for numberless other fables, of the like kind, may be still invented and dressed up, since quite different errors will proceed from almost the same common cause. Nor, again, do we mean it only of general philosophies, but likewise of numerous principles and axioms of the sciences, which have prevailed through tradition, belief, and neglect."

In the second part of the work the new method Bacon proposed is outlined. Stating the case simply his points were: (1) that facts about nature cannot be discovered from logical propositions or from syllogisms; (2) if we would gain new knowledge regarding nature and natural laws, we must go to nature herself and carefully and systematically observe her ways of acting; (3) it will often be necessary, also, to put pointed questions to nature by such experiments as will force her to give us the information we want; (4) no hypotheses or guesses are to be made, but a large number of particular observations carefully classified and the general law, "form", or principle revealed by and from those tabulations.

All this is but the rationale of the present-day laboratory method of scientific investigation. "History and experiment supply the matter; substitutions supply the defects; and rectifications correct the errors of the senses." The *Novum Organum*, the method of induction, is now generally recognized and employed.

"This whole affair of Induction" the author designated as the doctrine of raising Axioms, "the forming of just Axioms, or chains of Axioms which are solid portions of truth; as if they had all three dimensions; whereas simple notions are, in comparison with them, but as surfaces"; and

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"by their means to investigate and raise up others of a higher and more general nature till by sure and interrupted steps, men come, without stop or gap, to the top round, or unity of nature; there being, at the same time, added a way of examining and verifying these higher Axioms by primary experiment; to preserve them from tumbling back again to conjectures, probabilities, and idols." A distinction is made between *axioms*, which, true and perfect, are incapable of further improvement, and *aphorisms* as imperfect axioms but still improvable, and which ought to lead up to the perfect.

The style pursued in writing much of the *Novum Organum* is aptly therefore aphoristical, and its pages are rich and pregnant with pithy statements worth repeated contemplation. Among his aphorisms are the following:

"No power of man can possibly break the chain of natural causes; so that the only method whereby man can rule nature, must depend upon learning her ways."

"The light of the understanding is not a dry or pure light, but drenched in the will and affections and the intellect forms the sciences accordingly; for what men desire should be true, they are most inclined to believe."

"It requires great steadiness and exercise of the hand to draw a true straight line, by the hand alone, but little or no practice with the assistance of a ruler or compasses."

"As God, in the first day of creation, made nothing but light, allowing one whole day to that work, without creating any material thing therein, so causes and true axioms are first to be drawn out from all kinds of experience, and the experiments of light, and not of profit, to be investigated."

"Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no farther than he has, either in operation, or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature. Human knowledge is acquired by observation, and experience; or by conversing with the things about us, through the mediation of the senses, and subsequent reflexion: therefore, the more we observe and try, the more we learn and are enabled to perform. And thus knowledge and power go hand in hand: so that the way to increase in power is to increase in knowledge."

Isabel B. Holbrook.

*A FAR-REACHING RESOLUTION**

My God-given Friend:

This letter is one that means a great deal now and will continue to mean a great deal throughout the ages. It is the most important that I probably shall write. Its meaning is too deep, even for my comprehension.

When one sees a glimpse of the truth, if he is wise he will lay down all worldly interest so far as possible and follow the truth.

It has been my great fortune to see much more than a glimpse of the truth. It is at this time that I pledge my life throughout the coming ages, through you, to my Master. In accordance with my wisdom I shall serve Him in the work for humanity.

Knowing that these thoughts and pledges are sealed among the vast, vast records, I remain,

(Signed) ————————

*A letter from a pupil, a young man of twenty-one years, addressed to his teacher.

All devas somehow hear continually the chorus that floats ever from the flower-chalice heart of God. And into that song they must ever build the harmonies of clouds of air and of fire. Devas are a part of that song, its informing life. So in harmony they build and their cries of greeting and love, each to his neighbor, are like the streams of living light that dart from the sun and pass through the cloud-rifts to the green meadows or empurple the fair, golden harvest-field or glance along the patient, dimpling sea!

W. V-H.

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PARCIVAL

Fifth Book

THE HOLY GRAIL

(*Continued from page 96*)

"That was"—so Trevrezent instructed his nephew—"the heathen spear, by whose poison the king's wound is still burning today. Never does it cause more pain than when, announcing a frost, Saturnus rises in the heavens. His coming is shown in the chill of the king long before; and then neither pelts nor covers may give warmth to the frozen limbs. Only the poison of the lance can then avail."

"There I also saw five and twenty maidens,"—said Parcival—"of refined manners; they stood in the hall before the king and the Grail." Thereupon Trevrezent resumed, "Not only knights did the Grail choose for its protection, but also maidens for its care, but both knights and maidens of the chastest character. They were chosen as children, of noble birth and no less of great beauty. Even though they are burdened with many a sorrow, yet they enjoy rich blessings of God. If a country loses its ruler, and the people desire a ruler from the Grail,—one is granted to them, and sent thither from out of the company of the Grail. He must care for the kingdom wisely, and God's blessing rests upon him. While the maidens remain with the Grail, they may not enter the bond of marriage, and if a man chooses one for his wife, they must withdraw from the castle and the Grail. Thus king Kastis married Herzeleide, whom he chose from out of the maidens of the Grail. They sent your mother to him, but the bridegroom died, before the bond was consummated. But before this he gave to her as a royal gift the kingdoms of Waleis and Norgal, with Kanvoleis and Kingrivals. As queen of both lands Gamuret found her, who won her hand in the tournament. God decides whether He will take the children of those who were sent out, back to the service of the Grail. Those who acknowledge themselves to be its servants must avoid courting ladies' love. Only to the king is it permitted to be married, at Montsalvas; the others may enter wedlock, if they leave the castle, and go into the country without a king, to which God sends them as rulers. This law, however, I left unnoticed when I sought the service of love (Minnedienst). For my happy youthfulness and the virtue of a noble lady pushed me on to her service, and many battles were my reward. The most dangerous adventures seemed to me so sweet and proper that I seldom was disgraced in tournament. Her love set my breast on fire to new and joyful desire for noble deeds, which led me restlessly into far-away lands to wondrous knighthood. With renown and honor I showed forth my strength, which thus paid for her love. The heathen was as much welcomed by me for battle as he who was baptised,—and she was the only one who gave forth worthy reward. Thus because of the noble dear one I was driven through the three parts of the earth; in Europe and Asia I fought, and in the far-off Africa; many a hard encounter I had at Gaurian and in the mountain-range of Famorgan. The mountaineers of Agremontin—here took place the most wonderful battle with fiery men in smoke and vapor—saw me depart victoriously. When I crossed over the Rohas, the courageous Windisch people opposed me. On many devious paths I then voyaged by sea from Sevilla around Sicily, and disembarked in Friaul at Agley.—O woe, that it ever happened that I saw your father there! As I entered Sevilla I found the noble Anjou, as he was about to ride forth from the inn to journey to Toledo. Woe, that he afterwards undertook the unholy war for the Baruch, and came to the heathenish Bagdad, where a treacherous death found him. Never will I become reconciled to this sorrow! My brother sent

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me away from Montsalvas on my journey, and gave me his seal-ring as a token for recognition, which I was to hand to his friend in Karchodra; this city lies near the region where the Plimizol touches the sea, in the duchy of Barbigol. When the burggrave saw the seal he did not spare horse and squires and weapons, with which he furnished me richly for the further dangerous journey. When finally I was returning happily to Montsalvas, I returned the company to him, and what I had gained besides. Now listen, dear nephew: when for the first time your father saw me at Sevilla, he soon after became my brother, when he led away Herzeleide as spouse; but since then we never saw each other. At that time, every one will admit, no one was my equal in beauty, although my beard had not yet grown. My looks had opened his heart for me; returning to the inn, and postponing his journey, he drew forth from me by much entreating and under promise of secrecy, the story of myself and my race, and was much gladdened thereby. With love he accepted my presents; and he also bade me take a gift, from which I let the little chest of relics be fashioned skilfully,—which I think you have seen. He also left me his nephew as attendant, Sir Ither of Gaheviesz, afterwards king of Kumberland, to whom every falseness was unknown. We could not remain together long, before our ways had to part. He went to Toledo, and then to the Baruch, while I journeyed to the sea. I passed Sicily with the squire Ither until we reached the Rohas. Three Mondays we fought here bitterly, and many a lance was splintered. I believe that I came out with honor. Then I went on further into the country, until the broad Gandin, after which your grandfather was named, appeared before my eyes. Here Ither became well known. The city lies where the Greian, a stream in which is found gold sand, joins with the Drau. The land is called Steyer. Here Gandin of Anjou prepared a great celebration; he had just brought it about that Lady Minne touched the heart of your aunt Lamire, the ruler of the land, with sweet sorrow. Thus Ither won her for his wife, and through her he became the lord of the country.—Yes, whoever will practice knight-errantry, he must traverse many lands.

"My red squire, on whose account they showed me such great honor, I regret very much. Woe, that you forgot your blood tie, when you measured your strength against his; but God has not forgotten it, and will be merciful in that fault. With sorrow I must tell you that two great sins rest upon you: your hand slew Ither; and your mother, through her loyalty lost her life when she lost you. But if you turn your life towards God—they may perhaps be forgiven you! Therefore, dear nephew, let me counsel you: Repent of your misdeeds, and concern yourself with your salvation, so that—however the body may struggle here below with pain—he may up yonder prepare rest for the soul, and may mercifully turn to you."

Then with some emotion Trevrezent asked his guest: "Nephew, I have not yet heard how you came into possession of that horse?" He replied: "Sir, I won it in battle as I rode away last from Sigune, with whom I conversed in her hermitage. Soon after that I broke lances with a man of Montsalvas, and I won his horse."

"O speak, did he to whom it rightly belonged, retain his life?" "He fled, and abandoned the horse, so I remained in undisturbed possession of it." "If you think you may rob the people of the Grail, and yet believe that you can ever gain its friendship, you are caught in contradiction." "Why, Sir, I won the horse in battle! And whoever wishes to count that as sin against me, let him first consider how it came about? For as I took the horse, my own was snatched away from me; and could I get along without one?"

Then Parcival requested information: "Who was the maiden who carried the Grail into the hall? Before that, a king's mantle from her was given to me to wear." The host said: "Nephew, believe me, even though the maiden, who is your cousin, has presented you with the mantle, it does not redound to your glory; for Urepanse thought that you would become the lord of her, of me, and of the Grail. Your uncle also gave you a sword, but misfortune and

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disgrace pursue you ever since for the great fault, that you did not ask about the sorrow. For with the gift of the sword you were encouraged to ask the question.—But leave aside the sin and remorse for the present, for it is time for us both to rest."

There was indeed no bed and plush around. The penitents laid themselves down on a bed of dry leaves and straw, which contrasted sharply enough with their noble birth.

Thus Parcival sojourned fifteen days with his hermit uncle. He patiently endured the hardships, since the host was anxious to purify him from guilt and lead him to salvation.

One day, Parcival asked again: "Who was the man at the Grail, who lay in the side room, very old, his face of glowing brightness, of the greatest beauty?" "It was Titurel," replied the hermit—"in whose hands the Grail was first entrusted, that he might care for and defend it. Helpless he lies, lamed by a disease called podagra. But his skin glows like the brightness of morning, for he daily sees the Grail, so that Death does not dare to approach him. The people will not let him di , so that they may not be deprived of his wisdom. He also, in his youth, was a model of knightly virtue."

Yet many another good counsel the hero received before he parted from his uncle. The hermit gave him this last advice: "If you desire to beautify your life and cause it to bloom, you should not despise the loyal love of woman, and must honor them with chaste heart. Women and priests do not bear weapons, God's blessing rests upon the priests: therefore you must care for them loyally. If you wish to meet a holy death, you must trust the priests with piety. Whatever your eyes may see upon earth, may yet not compare with the priest. Through his words is made known the martyrdom which founded our liberation; his consecrated hand touches the Holy of Holies, the highest substitute ever given us for our guilt. If a priest in his days devotes himself entirely to a life of renunciation of the world, O how could he live more holy? Now let me carry your guilt and pain; I will be your security before God, and grant you what I prophesied, if you hold firmly to my counsel."

Thus they parted. Did the counsels aid Parcival's salvation? You will hear about it, if you will read on.

(To be continued).

C. Shuddemagen.

REGENERATE

I am that vessel fashioned aeons past,
In every gracious line and tint complete,
Showing no outward blemish in the cast,
That stood in pride the Master's praise to meet.
"Ay, He shall find me strong and fair", I thought,
Yet Him I heard with pitying accents say:
"A flaw is here, oh, potter! thou hast wrought
In haste, and mixed the fine with coarser clay."

So was that vessel broke.—With patient skill,
Fused and re-cast to thought the plastic stuff—
Time after time re-fashioned, moulded, till
Perchance the Master yet may say: "Enough;
The test for flaws yon vessel hath withstood—
Hold thy hand, potter, for thy work is good."

Anna Spencer Twitchell.

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Notes

Mrs. Musser has donated to the Section's Library some very valuable magazines comprising old numbers of *Theosophist* and *Theosophic Messenger.*

An elderly lady can find a very pleasant home by addressing Headquarters, providing she is familiar with theosophy and can teach her entertainer.

Mr. Joseph Ball, of Crookston, Minn., is authorized to collect money with which to defray the expenses of Mr. Jinarajadasa and to continue his stipend for which the sum of $1,500 is needed.

Each new member of the Society receives the following printed matter: Diploma; *Primer of Theosophy;* last issue of *Messenger;* a copy of the Constitution and a package of propaganda literature.

Very much to our regret an error was made in accrediting the article in October *Messenger* written by Mrs. Freeland, entitled "Successful Means of Propaganda", to Miss Goddard.

Two new lodges have recently been formed. The Alcyone Lodge of Detroit, Mich., has organized with the following charter members: Mr. Albert Meadows, Mr. Lawrence Moyle, Mrs. Bertha E. Snyder, Mrs. Ida M. Granger, Miss Ella J. Folsom, Miss Cora B. Jackson, Mr. Louise Binge, Mrs. Helen B. Miller, Mrs. Helen B. Young, Mr. Alfred Young.

The Chicago North Shore lodge with the following charter members: Mrs. Margaret T. Blair, Mrs. Nellie M. Stange, Mr. Fred M. Robinson, Mrs. I. F. Robinson, Mrs. A. B. Schaab, Mrs. Alice Gail Haake, Mrs. Marie Bara, Mr. John L. Healy, Miss Florence Madary.

Pronunciation of "Alcyone":—The Century and Webster's dictionaries, Appleton's Encyclopedia and many other authorities, give, without exception, the pronunciation of Alcyone indicated: Al-si'-oh-nee (i long).

Mr. R. W. Ensor of Edmonton, Canada, has removed to Chicago to take up work at Headquarters. He will devote his entire time to theosophic activities. As Mr. Ensor is a member of the Executive Committee his aid will be of the utmost value to the Section.

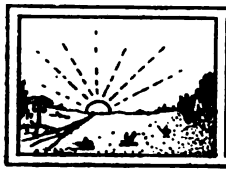
The Kansas City Propaganda Committee earnestly requests members all over the Section to send names of friends or acquaintances, who might be interested in theosophy, in the States of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Nebraska.

Address: Kansas City Propaganda Committee, 203 Studio Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

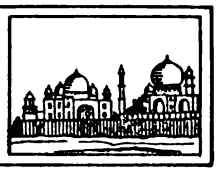
Lodge officers are warned against making arrangements with the exponents of various philosophies for courses of lectures, entertaining the lecturer and otherwise exploiting them. It should be remembered that the most important phase of the activities of lodges is the spreading of the doctrines of theosophy. Lodge officers can arrange as they wish for lodge activities but the general recommendation stands strongly as indicated.

Copies of the *New Zealand Lotus Buds' Journal* have been received. The October number is certainly a beautiful production and reflects much credit on our far away friends. Members will do well to subscribe for it for their children. The subscription price is 40c per year, post free. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Marjorie Tuttle, 2453 E. 72nd St., Chicago, Ill.

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Benares Letter



Mrs. Besant, accompanied by Mr. Arundale, arrived on the morning of October 21st from Adyar via Calcutta. They were expected the day before until a telegram came saying the engine had broken down and they were coming by a later train.

Long before daylight the college and T. S. compound were wide awake. By 5:30 A. M. the broad road leading to the station was a lively thoroughfare. Guards of Honor with a royal record behind them of service done at the time of the visit of the present king and queen, cadets and scouts in trim uniforms, marched proudly to the front. Several hundred friends and theosophists were on hand to welcome the travellers in the beautiful oriental way. Mrs. Besant had been in the train four days, the last night practically without sleep, yet she would not hurry on ahead of the crowd; at a walking pace she traversed the three-quarter mile distance home. "She looks well but tired," was the verdict of her friends.

The formal reception at the college was postponed until evening as Mrs. Besant needed all her remaining strength for the great work ahead of her. At 3:30 in the afternoon she was to meet various Hindu leaders, pandits and dignitaries in a conference over the much talked of Hindu university. A supposed amalgamation of the various plans was reached months ago, before Mrs. Besant's departure for Europe, but during her absence various little opposing forces had thrown the whole scheme into a tangle. It was announced that Mrs. Besant might not be able to be present at the college hall at the hour set for the reception of herself and the Arundales, so anticipating this delay a program had been arranged including sleight-of-hand performances by a professional, and an exhibition of the power of memory by a Hindu expert. A few words regarding the latter may be allowed while awaiting Mrs. Besant. The man has a rugged face with a somewhat severe expression. He has a long Sanskrit title which means he is master of eleven things. Eleven problems may be given to him one after the other and he repeats them all from memory to see if his ear has caught the sound. Then he sits with eyes closed and in the specified time gives his answers. To keep the program within bounds he was given only four problems with twenty minutes for their solution. The tasks were as follows:

Add	943765
	123456
	615432
	875641
	729432
	929998
Subtract	872534
	756399
Multiply	99009 by 2347
Divide	879642 by 321

Meantime the sleight-of-hand performer manufactured ribbon and bon-bons and drew handkerchiefs out of the flame of burning paper. Still greater marvels were on his list or up his sleeve but a messenger hurried in saying Mrs. Besant and the pandits were coming. The honorable company, broad in brain or purse, were given seats on the platform amid welcoming cheers. Mrs. Besant then arose and announced that the conference had come to a successful termination, a harmonious agreement having been reached. This news was received by the large audience with the greatest enthusiasm. There will be general rejoicing throughout India. "An epoch-making event" it is called. A Hindu pandit, a political and social leader of his race, made a

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neat little speech paying high tribute to our president.

Meantime the master of eleven things sits a few feet away gripping his figures as firmly as he can. When Mrs. Besant and her Hindu coadjutors had left the hall it was found that two figures only of the answers to one of the problems had played him false. He said apologetically that the distractions were too great for him.

The establishment of a great Hindu University will make many changes in Benares. The Central Hindu College will be included without losing its identity. It is hoped that the corner stone of the institution may be laid by the Emperor of India when the royal pair come here a few weeks hence to be crowned in Delhi, the historic city of kings. A large fund must be raised during the intervening time. The Mussulmans have nearly reached the amount required for establishing a university of their own at Aligarh. They also have a corner stone to be "well and truly laid" by His Majesty, King George. Their zeal has served to awaken the Hindus to their own needs.

We have had meetings of two local T. S. lodges to welcome Mrs. Besant and the Arundales. The Sons of India and the Co-Masonic lodge are awaiting their opportunity.

Mrs. Besant's stay with us will be brief and her time will be much occupied with university matters, but the Convention is coming and she will herself give the four lectures as in the good old times. When this glad news is publicly announced sympathy should be given to our General Secretary for he is sure to be overwhelmed with requests for board and lodging! It is hoped that college quarters will be available.

Mrs. Besant is pleased with the condition in which she finds Benares. Harmony, good-will, genuine affection exist between Europeans and Indians and between the people of the various provinces gathered under the banner of Society and College.

Bands of young people, earnest, devoted, eager for service, have grouped themselves for special work. The latest of these organizations is for giving aid to feeble or helpless pilgrims who, on great religious days, flock to Benares by hundreds and thousands to bathe in the sacred Ganges. Quiet, gentle, patient these people are; there is danger of drowning from the pressure of the surging mass gathering on the river banks. On the last occasion, a few days ago, the acting principal of the college himself directed such a band of helpers. In all such activities "service of God, the Motherland and humanity" is the inspiring thought.

The late rains through these provinces have averted all danger of famine. Certain other parts of India however are suffering from the effects of the continued drought.

S. E. Palmer.

THE STREAM

The rushing stream o'er boulders bold
  Tells of the mountain's distant cold,
Where quiet snows 'mid tamarack
  Form the brook's swift cataract.
Out of the stillness of the sky
  Sounds the thrush's pure cry,
And breathing pines give back reply.

Sing waters, sing thy murmurous way,
  In thy descent rocks cause delay—
But unseen powers urge thy fall,
  Unseen forces ever call.
Troublesome though thy course may be,
  Eager and unconsciously
Thou dost seek thy destiny.

So, O river, tumbling by
  From the pinnacle of sky,
Thou a symbol of my life
  Rushing into earthly strife
From a world I cannot see—
  Eager and unconsciously
That doth seek its destiny.

H. T. Felix.

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A CHRISTMAS PROPAGANDA FUND

I think the *Theosophic Messenger* ought to have a Christmas present!

All the days during this beautiful December month the heart of every theosophist is filled with the wish to do something which shall be in service to some other than himself—to give of his own, what he can spare for the happiness of another. That is as it should be and all those whom we love shall grow nearer to us and all who seem not to love us may stand not quite so far away as we draw upon that great reservoir of Peace which is for "all men."

We who are theosophists pledged to active service in the great work must do something more than to sacrifice for our friends and relatives. We must help in the shaping of those plans which tend to keep the heart of the Theosophical Society throbbing, and the form of the Society alive. We cannot all be officers to make the plans; we cannot all be lecturers to utter the spoken word to the multitude, but we can each of us spare a little money from the holiday purse and send it in to those who bear the financial burdens of the theosophical movement.

Consider for a moment even one item, the Sectional magazine. It is a most important factor in the work of theosophy for it is the channel through which information is poured upon the whole body of members, and given also to hundreds of people who do not belong to our Society. We could not reach the inquiring public without it. Throughout the Section we hear people commenting favorably on the excellence of the magazine and its improvement from year to year. Much attention has been given to the pictorial reproductions of temples, landscapes and leading people, and appreciation of these clear-cut illustrations has been voiced by many readers. Does any one realize what the expense must be of publishing a magazine like the *Theosophic Messenger*. Does any one stop to reckon up what the amount must be each year to cover the cost of photographs, plates and heavy paper for just those little reproductions alone which please us so much? I confess that I did not, until the matter was explained to me, and the surprise caused me some discomfort for a time, for I began to wonder how our officers of finance could go about looking happy when they are confronted with the problem of accomplishing so much with so small a sum of money at their command. This is but one problem of many for them.

There are members in our Society who do not feel, perhaps, that they could contribute large sums of money but who would be very willing to send in small amounts if they thought it would be useful. The small sums make up a large one, if there are enough of them. Why could we not try to assume some of the responsibility of the *Messenger*, at least, by sending in our contributions from time to time as a means of linking ourselves with this very important phase of theosophical activity?

During the next few years, while we are privileged to take part in the great World Service, sacrifice must be the key-note of our work. All over the world the note of sacrifice has been ringing for years in the soul of God's children. Lafcadio Hearn in one of his books on Japan has told a beautiful story.

A great temple was to be built. There were many peasant women who wished to contribute something for the building of that structure which should represent the religion of their country. There was with those humble women the spirit of sacrifice, a joyous yielding up of their own for what to them was a sacred thought. They had no money, and so they gave their hair and it was woven into a rope with which the great boulders were dragged into place for the foundation upon which their holy temple should rest. It may be seen to-day, ragged and worn, but a symbol of loving sacrifice.

Can we of the Western world do less?

Addie M. Tuttle,
Propaganda Fund Committee, 2453 East 72nd St., Chicago, Ill.

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THEOSOPHICAL INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL BUREAU

We are establishing in Chicago, for the Section, a theosophical Sunday School class. In this class it is proposed to study the International Sunday School lessons, reading them with the theosophical interpretation of the sacred Christian scriptures, and at the same time feeling sympathy and brotherhood with all who study the same lessons.

We shall publish regularly in *Messenger* lessons with commentaries a month in advance, so that students throughout the Section may follow the work individually or in classes, as they choose. It is our wish that in every lodge in which there is an Esoteric Christianity class, there shall also be a Sunday School class. The class may consist of members and non-members of the Theosophical Society. The class leader must be a devoted member of the Theosophical Society.

The plan followed by the Chicago class is this:

To meet at an appointed hour, on Sunday of each week, opening the class with silent prayer or aspiration, followed by the reading of a Psalm or other selection from the Bible. Then should follow the reading of the Sunday School lesson, after which the class leader presents and asks for topics for discussion from the theosophical standpoint. Members may be encouraged to bring clippings and notices from newspapers and magazines, showing the broadening trend of thought on the part of Christian teachers.

We will study the International Sunday School lessons one week in advance, so that members of the class who teach in Sunday Schools may have the benefit of the advance preparation.

It is hoped that many Sunday School classes will be arranged to start work on the first Sunday in January, as the lessons for the coming year are all concerning the Blessed Christ.

We earnestly hope that this work will be a success, so that the time may be hastened when Christians will read into their religion the larger truths of Theosophy.

Further information may be had by addressing the undersigned.

David S. M. Unger.
2020 Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago.

CONVENTION AT BENARES

The Convention is to be held at Benares on Dec. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

On Tuesday, Dec. 26th, there will be a General Council meeting; a Sons of India meeting; a lecture by Prof. Sanjiva Rao, and a Masonic meeting.

On Wednesday, Dec. 27th, the Convention will hear the Presidential Address, and receive reports. There will be a T. S. Order of Service meeting; Lecture I, "Ideals of Theosophy", by Mrs. Annie Besant; and a General E. S. meeting.

Thursday, Dec. 28th is the day for the Indian Convention; Order of the Star in the East; lecture by G. S. Arundale; Lecture II, "Ideals of Theosophy", by Mrs. Annie Besant; T. S. Council meeting.

On Friday, Dec. 29th, the Indian Convention will be concluded. There will be: Lecture III, "Ideals of Theosophy", by Mrs. Annie Besant; and an E. Section meeting.

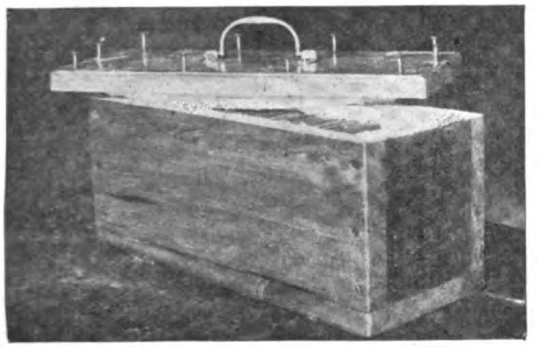
Saturday, Dec. 30th: Lecture IV, "Ideals of Theosophy", by Mrs. Annie Besant; Educational Conference; Anniversary Meeting; 18° Masonic meeting.

From "Theosophy in India."

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STEREOPTICON BUREAU

Head, J. C. Myers, 10736 Walnut Street, Morgan Park, Ill.



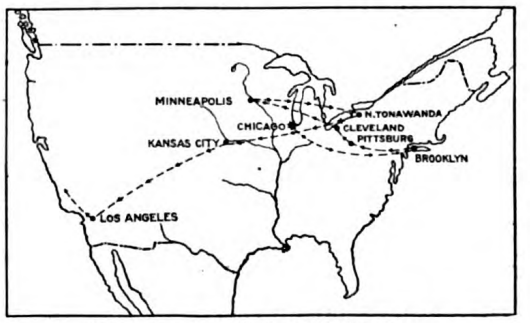
We present a picture of one of the boxes used for shipping stereopticon slides over the Section, and a map showing the route to be followed by the first set of slides completed, viz: *Boys and Girls in Many Lands.* This set was used in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 5th. They were shipped to Pittsburgh, Pa., for use Nov. 26th and 29th and probably will reach the Pacific Coast by January 15th, 1911. Brooklyn reports that "all hands agreed that the lecture was interesting and the slides very good, indeed."

This lecture is especially useful for propaganda. Its dominant idea is the fundamental unity of aspiration in all human nature, irrespective of race, creed, sex, caste or color. It points to the fact that man is made in the image of God, and that he is an evolving creature. One of the slides is a "Race-Chart", showing the different races of man, and the Spiritual Leaders of each, with the key-note of each race's religion. The slides are mostly of children of the following races: Negro, Red Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, Hindu, Arabian, Algerian, Persian, Italian, French, Belgian, Scotch, Welsh, Norwegian. The closing slides are of some of Hoffman's "Life of Christ" series, ending with The Christ on the Mountain-top, entitled "Come Unto Me." There is also a slide of Alcyone, and several of temples and churches, including Buddha Gaya—The Bo-Tree, a scion of the original tree under which the Buddha sat for enlightenment.

The lecture tells of the religious beliefs of the various people shown on the screen, and brings out the "unity of aspiration" quite clearly. The idea of reincarnation can be brought out all the way through. There is a slide containing the Reincarnation Parable, "A boy went to school, etc."

Mr. Horton Carr, of Chicago, is our slide-maker, and he is now engaged in making colored slides of Thought-Forms, and the higher bodies of man, taken from Mr. Leadbeater's book, *Man, Visible and Invisible.* Lecture sets of these two subjects will be ready for circulation within the next few weeks.

These sets may be had for use under the following conditions: The borrower pays express charges both ways and the sum of one dollar each time the set is used. The latter is to cover cost of maintaining the Bureau. Please write for information.



The Route of the Slide Box.

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Correspondence School

ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

Pages 241 to 250 inclusive

Subject: Resurrection and Ascension, concluded.

QUESTIONS

1. Where do men go when they leave their physical bodies?
2. Does the Christian religion teach of the life after death?
3. What important single mistranslation in the New Testament has helped to cover up the true teaching of the life after death?
4. Describe the process of the purification of the bodies?
5. When does one merit the title "Son of Man?"
6. When does the Initiate build the bliss body?
7. Describe the ceremony of Initiation as used by early Christians?
8. Why are Initiates called "First Fruits?"

Pages 251 to 259 inclusive

Subject: The Trinity

QUESTIONS

9. Who is the "One God?" Give some of His many names.
10. What relation to the One God does the Trinity hold?
11. What is the general belief of the world religions as to the existence of God?
12. Do the ideas of the world religions agree as to the functions of each Person of the Trinity?
13. Do the Three Persons of the Trinity maintain Their activities now?

Send answers to D. S. M. Unger, Harris Trust Building, Chicago.

ANCIENT WISDOM

Lesson Nine. Chapter III. "Kamaloka."

1. What is Kamaloka, and who are its inhabitants?
2. What separates the inhabitants of one sub-plane from those of the next?
3. Describe the withdrawal of the entity from the physical body at death.
4. How is the consciousness occupied at the death hour?
5. What occurs some hours after death?
6. What determines whether or not man will be awake and conscious in any given sub-plane?

Send answers to Mrs. Addie M. Tuttle, 2453 East 72nd St., Chicago, Ill.

DER MENSCH UND SEINE KOERPER

Seite 26-40

1. Man beschreibe ausfuerlich die angegebenen Methoden fuer die Reinigung der Koerper.
2. Was versteht man unter "Begierdennatur?
3. Was versteht man unter "Begierdennatur, und wie findet die Reinigung der Koerper nach diesen Methoden statt?
4. Wodurch wird die Beherrschung der Begierdennatur erreicht?
5. Was ist der aetherischer Doppelkoerper?

Antworten sende man bitte an Mrs. F. P. Breese, 3761 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Das Buch *Der Mensch und Seine Koerper* kann man durch Theosophische Buchhandlungen fuer etwa 50 cents beziehen.

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Karma and Reincarnation League

Many new members have been enrolled during the last two months, and the work is progressing fairly well. Interesting reports are being received of various degrees of success in newspaper work; some of our members are doing fine work in this very important field. The matter of distributing leaflets and *Theosophic Notes* in racks or boxes in public places is one that should be taken up by all lodge-units; it offers a very easy and effective way of distribution. It should not be forgotten that *Messenger* can be bought for propaganda purposes at *two* cents per copy. Why not supply various news-stands with a bundle each month? The newsdealer will gladly place these on his display shelves and sell them for ten cents each, paying you two cents, or whatever may be agreed upon. Those remaining you take back and give away as propaganda literature. It is very important that newsdealers be induced to carry some of our theosophic books, especially displaying the manuals of *Karma* and *Reincarnation*.

It may be well to give a short list of approved literature on karma and reincarnation. For giving away as propaganda material we would suggest: The *Theosophic Notes* every month; the four Australian lectures of Mrs. Besant, "Do We Live on Earth Again?" "Life After Death," "Theosophy and Christianity" and "Thought Power", in pamphlet form; and Nos. 15, 19, 21, 23 and 26 as advertised in *Messenger* by Mrs. M. V. Garnsey. To lend out from local libraries of lodge-units the following will be found useful: *Popular Lectures, Outline of Theosophy, Primer,* the manuals *Karma, Reincarnation, Astral Plane, Death and After,* the novel *Karma* by Mr. Sinnett, *The Other Side of Death.* For advanced study: *The Changing World, The Inner Life* (two vols.), *Ancient Wisdom, Rents in the Veil of Time* in *Theosophist.*

C. Shuddemagen,
7321 Coles Ave.
Seattle.

During November we have been doing some active work in the League, which I want to report. We held a rummage sale two days, November 17 and 18, in the public market, and realized $46, clear of expenses, which I have placed in the bank, to be used for this work only.

I have sent for $10 worth of propaganda literature; some of it has arrived and is being sent out to-day.

This week we will have boxes in the stations and docks, and two members will keep them filled with literature.

Josephine E. Wardall.

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ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

The Order of the Star in the East is growing steadily in numbers in this country. During the last month the membership has increased from approximately two hundred to four hundred, in spite of the fact that the sending out of the certificates and literature had to be so long delayed. At this point it may be well to mention a few suggestions about our methods of work, about the ways in which we may try in America to help the Order reach the goal which its leaders have set for it.

Individually the members can do much by their personal enthusiasm, by speaking to their friends about the Order, by finding out the people in their own neighborhood who would wish to join such a movement. And now, while our numbers are still few, our first efforts should be along this line of personally telling others of its existence,—a fact which will become self-evident later when it has large numbers of supporters. But now, in its babyhood, each member must keep himself well-informed about the details of the movement so he can direct others intelligently. Then too, each one should have in his mind a ready summary of the reasons which led to the founding of the Order, and of the arguments which cause him to believe in the near coming of the Great Teacher. In arranging these latter ideas for ourselves we should study carefully the arguments which our Protector and leader, Mrs. Besant, has given to us, for she knows well the methods of presenting our great message, and the study of her ways will help us in ours.

In order to organize our efforts, however, we can get up series of lectures, classes and meetings of the Order, taking up all the information available about the coming of the Christ. Indeed, we hope that before long, in every city where there is a lodge of the Theosophical Society there will be on the weekly bulletins of classes a notice of the meeting-hour of "The Order of the Star in the East." In such classes we should make a special point of bringing before the public all that Mrs. Besant has said or written about the Great Teacher whom we await, for truly, no words bear greater weight at this time, on this subject, to people both inside and outside the T. S., than do hers.

It would be well if each member could gather around himself a little group, even if only of a few people, not theosophists, to whom he could read regularly, and to whom he could repeat the arguments, ideas or articles which had been put forward or read the same week at a larger meeting of the Order. There are always people who will not go to a regular theosophical meeting who might, nevertheless, be glad to come to a quiet gathering at the house or office of a friend. In that way there would be a series of thoughts taken up which would gather force from being repeated several times in the same vicinity.

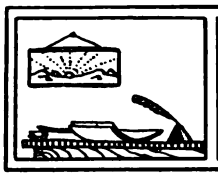
In addition to all this we must remember well Mrs. Besant's words about the inner work of the Order, that it may "on the higher planes, unite in forming an instrument of service ready for His use". And this must be done by working the principles of the Order into our lives, thoughts and feelings in that way which each one can decide is best for himself.

Marjorie Tuttle.

All applications for membership in America should be sent either to one of the Organizing Secretaries or to Miss Marjorie Tuttle, 2453 East 72nd Street, Chicago. No one can, of course, become a member of the Order unless his name is sent to one of the officers.

Any member who, having joined the Order in England, now wishes to be transferred to the American or any other division should write to Miss Lucy Lowe, Theosophical Society, 106 New Bond Street, London, W., England, stating the country to which he wishes to be transferred and enclosing an envelope addressed to himself.

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Correspondence



THEOSOPHY BY CORRESPONDENCE

We do not wish to become tiresome on this subject of teaching Theosophy through the writing of personal letters, but since the invitation was issued in *Messenger* to join our Correspondence Class such splendid results have followed that I am encouraged to divulge a few more of our class secrets.

During the first year of this correspondence work as a class, there were many experiments tried by those who were directing the work, many discouragements, some failures and a few excellent responses. First one method was tried to hold the interest of the student, then another was substituted if our record book showed a dropping off of the correspondents. At first the members seemed eager and enthusiastic and for a few months they would send in their answers promptly; later there came excuses of all sorts, business, housework, indisposition, for a lapse in replying to the lesson, and finally they were heard from no more. We inwardly breathed a little sigh as we marked "dropped from class" in our books, but we sent them a kind thought, and posted them a theosophical card from time to time. Then followed a consultation between Miss Warren, who prepares the lesson paper each month, and myself. These dear people who really wished to learn something of the splendid truths of Theosophy and yet could not have patience enough to study for themselves, what could we do for them? Then we grew happy, for there were fewer delinquents as time passed, and I am delighted to state that since we began our class in *Ancient Wisdom*, the first of this year, not one who joined our class has failed to go on with the lessons.

Besides the regular class there are hundreds of people, many of whom are not members of the Theosophical Society, who have written to us asking for information and instruction, and almost without exception they have responded gratefully to our letters, often entering into the work themselves and helping others to come in touch with Theosophy. Within the last two months three people who live in towns where there is no theosophical lodge have, through their letters of enquiry, become so much interested in the work that they have joined our Society, and formed study-classes in their own homes, inviting in their friends and handing on to them such instruction as they have been able to obtain. There is not a person in America who is not sufficiently valuable as a server to be overlooked in this work. All can help, all can find some one to teach. What he has learned he may help a brother to understand, and ever the circle may grow larger. Do not think that to be useful you must live in a city of theosophists and mingle constantly with advanced students. It is an opportunity to be placed in such an environment, and we are always glad to welcome a member into the different active centers, but it is also true that people are needed in the isolated districts, people who will read our literature, study the textbooks, and be willing to act as a center themselves. Such members will gather about them other enquirers who are interested in forming classes, and they can be of great assistance to the new students.

It has been said by some of our teachers that the Masters of Wisdom are keeping guard over humanity throughout the whole world. They see where teaching is needed, and in remote districts they look about searching for some person who might be used as a channel through which They may pour Their force. Perhaps that chosen

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one may, at the time, know little of Theosophy, but he would find himself longing to know more, and opportunities would begin to come to him from quite unexpected sources. One of our teachers was one day thinking of Alaska, and wishing so much that he knew of some person there who could help to spread our literature among that busy people. Then, almost in answer to his call, came a letter from a home in that land of ice and snow, and a request for theosophical reading matter. With the rather timid wish to be of service, there came also in the letter a tiny snow flower somewhat resembling the edelweiss of Switzerland, and the sender little knew the loving magnetism that streamed from the little flower carrying to many people the thought of Service to the Master. And so it is all over the world, there are children at all stages of evolution waiting for a Teacher, and always that Teacher stands ready to hold out to them a guiding hand. Many times the sheltering Presence is about us when we do not dream of the nearness. Surely there is nothing for us then, but to look up to Them with glad eyes, and ever after, the important question for us will be,—"How may I offer myself in this great service, how may I help to prepare the way for the blessed Lord Maitreya?"

Addie Tuttle.



THE REASONABLENESS OF THE EXISTENCE OF A SPIRITUAL HIERARCHY

One of the teachings of Theosophy that many people regard as being somewhat fantastic is that there exists a great spiritual hierarchy which supervises the evolution of the race. It doubtless seems to them to partake of the marvellous because, first, such exalted beings are of course beyond the reach of any method of consciousness known to the vast majority of people; and, second because it is by no means clear on first thought how, if they do exist, such supermen could direct great movements in the world while apparently taking no part in its affairs.

The first of these difficulties arises from our tendency to forget that in our limited consciousness we habitually think of the universe as consisting only of what the physical senses can reveal to us. But this fault may be set right by reflecting that even the most materialistic scientist accepts the truth that there are many gradations of invisible matter and realizes how little the physical senses can know about the universe as a whole; that the portion of our environment we can grasp with our perceptive faculties must be an infinitesimal fragment of the whole. If we use the reason to correct the misleading impression of the physical senses—just as we use it to set right their misleading impression that the earth is stationary while the sun moves—and hold in mind the fact that for the same reason there is evolving individualized life in these lower gradations of matter there must likewise be such life in the higher gradations, we shall be in position to comprehend a great truth that is forcing itself upon the modern scientific mind. A case in point is to be found in an article by Nicola Tesla on the conversion of energy, in the *Century Magazine*, in which he says:

"We can conceive of organized beings living without nourishment, and deriving all the energy they need for the performance of their life functions from the ambient medium. In a crystal we have the clear evidence of the existence of a formative life-principle, and though we cannot understand the life of a crystal, it is none the less a living being.

"There may be, besides crystals, other such individualized, material systems of beings, perhaps of gaseous constitution, or composed of substance still

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more tenuous. In view of this possibility—nay, probability,—we cannot apodictically deny the existence of organized beings on a planet merely because the conditions on the same are unsuitable for the existence of life as we conceive it. We cannot even, with positive assurance, assert that some of them might not be present here in this our world, in the very midst of us, for their constitution and life-manifestation may be such that we are unable to perceive them."

When we reflect upon the very narrow range of the physical senses, when we remember that it is only by receiving vibrations through the sense organs that we can be conscious of what exists about us and that with these sense organs we can receive only a small fraction of known vibrations, we ought to get away from the foolish notion that if we are not conscious of a thing it doesn't exist, and therefore conclude that we are the supreme thing in the world, the acme of evolution.

To suppose that the vast cosmos exists to produce a single line of evolution and that the frail and imperfect thing we call man is its supreme product is laughable absurdity. It is just about as near the truth as that the earth is the fixed center of the universe. If there is one thing more striking than another in the phenomena that surrounds us it is that diversity and profusion is the order of nature. No matter whether we turn to the animal, or the vegetable, kingdom we find a bewildering variety of life and the greatest profusion of production. Everywhere the universal life is seeking expression through a multiplicity of forms, and is manifesting itself in a gradation of intelligence that begins far below the point where the eye can see it and extends in orderly sequence far beyond the point where we can either see it or comprehend it. Either life is not eternal progress and evolution is not a fact at all, or else there is a gradation of intelligences corresponding in its scope to the universe. The law of proportion and of averages must hold good. As the animal's comprehension is to its small world, and as our own intelligence is to our larger world, so higher intelligences must be to their still wider environment.

Now, this not only commends itself to one's reason as the natural state of affairs, it not only has the endorsement of the scientific mind as the probable state of affairs, but it has been ascertained by occult investigation to be the actual state of affairs. Quite aside from the other lines of evolution going forward on the earth, the human race itself has, as one would naturally suppose it must have, its evolutionary products above us as well as below us. Towering above and beyond us, as the solar system stretches beyond the earth, is the intelligence of humanities whose evolution was completed before ours was begun. In the hands of some of these, and lesser intelligences, rests the great work of guiding and directing the present human evolution.

So we can say that the teaching that there is a spiritual hierarchy has the threefold support of scientific probability, incoherent reasonableness and occult investigation.

What, then, of the second point, that if supermen exist they also direct human evolution without playing a visible part in the affairs of the world? If individualized intelligences of a higher order than ourselves exist they must necessarily like ourselves have their work in the activities of the universe. Now, what would naturally be the work of those who are but a grade or two beyond us, who differ from us only in a vastly superior intelligence, and a stronger and steadier benevolence, and who for the time being may, or may not, be living in a physical visible body? Can we not get an idea by asking ourselves what is the chosen work of those a lesser degree ahead of us in evolution but who still live among us and know but little or nothing more of the beyond than we do? What actually is the work of our greatest living souls, our thinkers, poets, philosophers, statesmen, scientists—teachers all of them, and leaders in human evolution. The teachers and the leaders of others not quite so far along, that is the position that naturally falls to the lot of those who rise to the top in their special lines of work.

So it must be, and is, for those still higher in evolution. In a somewhat different way they are still the teachers,

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the inspirers, the directors in human evolution. And step after step, rising from plane to plane, this gradation of intelligence, growing more and more spiritual, rises to the supreme heights we can not, as yet, comprehend. From these lofty heights come the spiritual impulses that guide the race, so far as the race can be guided without interference with its developing will power. It is only by this orderly gradation that such impulses can reach our groping humanity. It is very much like a great army that is in motion. There may be a number of directions in which it can move, some much more desirable than others. An order is issued by the staff of commanders; from them it reaches the brigadier generals; each general passes it on to the regimental officers; and so it travels on downward to the captains, the corporals and finally the privates, until the whole vast army knows it and it is a part of the intelligence of each. Only, in our evolution, it is not orders that are issued to be obeyed. That would destroy that priceless thing we call free will. It is rather ideals that are issued, ideals that are set before humanity, ideals a little higher than the present accomplishment, and which our inherent divinity urges us forward to attain.

It would not be reasonable to suppose that from this wisdom, guiding human evolution, have come the various great religions of the past, but nothing else. Whatever at any time gives the race, or some part of it, a lofty impulse that enables it to sweep down a long-standing wrong or lay the foundation for an improved order of things, is from the same source. The Renaissance and the movement for religious liberty of conscience, may be cited as striking examples in Europe, while the Revolutionary War and the destruction of slavery are notable cases in America.

It may not at first thought be clear how such impulses are communicated to the race, how the minds of men are moved in a certain direction at a certain time. But this is because we overlook the fact that a mighty and resistless force can flow through a small point of contact. Look at the force we call electricity. A heavy car is loaded with a hundred people. The wire carrying the current touches the trolley-wheel in its groove, and where wheel and wire meet the surface of contact is no more than the end of a pencil. Yet the heavily loaded car can be shot forward over the hills and valleys like a thing of life. The point of contact between the dynamos and the wire-system of a great city may be but as the tip of your finger, but the moment you bring them together the metropolis is flooded with light. Even so the point of contact for a spiritual impulse may be a single individual as it was in giving the Christian religion to the world, as it was when Martin Luther became the instrument through which a counteracting influence met the growing tyranny of the Church, and as it was when John Brown became an instrument to arouse a nation from its callous toleration of human slavery and the paralysis of conscience that was growing out of it. These are some of the more striking instances in history. But in this, as in all other things, there is the gradation from the most spectacular and dramatic to the most inconspicuous. Every human being who is striving to live unselfishly is a point of contact for the divine impulse that forever seeks its way into the visible human life. Every person whose heart beats in sympathy with suffering, whose generous nature is responsive to the heartaches of his brothers, whose sense of justice is shocked by the wrongs of others, may be used as a channel for pouring the light of justice and mercy into the world, for placing a higher ideal before the people. Such men as John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, by their earnestness and devotion, whether they know it or not, are lifting themselves into mental contact with higher intelligences and making it possible for themselves to become instruments for the enlightenment of the world.

If it is not clear how the more advanced souls in human evolution can direct the less developed without actually moving among men, perhaps an illustration will assist us. We are all familiar with the

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fact that the press moulds public opinion and often moves great masses of the people in a given direction. These editors are not seen, their personalities are unknown, their very names are unknown, yet they are silently shaping the destiny of the nation. In this way, this small number of silent and unseen men brought about the war with Spain, the first war in which we fought for others. The people were not ordered to fight, nor forced to fight, but the suffering of Cuba and the ideal of the strong protecting the weak was placed so vividly before them that no other course was possible. The whole American people were moved in a certain direction by the opinion of a small number of men; a nation was moved to take a certain attitude toward brutal oppression and to send its army and navy to stop it; and the people were impelled to do this not by any sort of compulsion but by having placed before them daily a higher ideal than had ever before moved them to war—the ideal of sacrificing life in defense of their suffering neighbors. In this arousing of a whole people by a small number of men they did not know, or think, or care anything about, we have an example of how powerfully an ideal works, no matter by what method it is put before the human mind.

So guiding the evolution of humanity is no mysterious or fantastic thing. It is merely a question of setting people to thinking along the right line, of getting the necessary ideal before them, of finding one or many points of contact between the higher wisdom and the lower, and this may come through the self-sacrifice of a single John Brown or through the quickened consciences of a large number. In one way or another the Elder Brothers of the race, the finished products of human evolution, will find the method of giving us as much inspiration and direction as we are capable of utilizing. *L. W. Rogers.*

OBITUARY

On April 7, 1911, Oakland Lodge, T. S., lost a valued member through the death of Mrs. Hannah Stern. She has been a member of the Oakland Lodge for nearly three years.

Mrs. Stern had proof of the invisible side, and an understanding of the hard questions ever coming up in class work that made her a very helpful worker. Her physical sufferings were very severe, but through all she was patient, never doubting that justice and wisdom reigned, and firmly believing that her husband and three children would be cared for.

Cora G. Owen.

Mrs. Ella Hewett of West Pittston, Pa., passed to the higher life on Sept. 26th, 1911. She was a living example to all who came in contact with her of a true Christian Theosophist, patient and enduring to the end. She was a member-at-large as there was no lodge in her neighborhood.

Mrs. A. M. Jaquess.

Mrs. Hannah MacDuffie a member of Olcott Lodge, Boston, passed out November 22nd, 1911, at the age of seventy-seven. Mrs. MacDuffie has been associated with the Theosophical Society since its very earliest days and was deeply interested in the cause. May peace attend her!

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The Field



TRAVEL NOTES

Travel, for the theosophical worker of the twentieth century, has a fascination lacking for the ordinary globe-trotter. Our worker may be born in the east or the west; yet when he travels, leaving hearth and home, in each new place he is sure to find "sisters and cousins and aunts" of past lives, not to speak of husbands and wives. It does not require forty minutes for him to put "a girdle round about the earth"; America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australasia are peopled by his companions in the Work to-day and the "affinities" of past lives, and with the speed of thought he may now girdle the earth, finding himself welcome and at home at each point in that girdle.

Furthermore, for those that are training themselves to be expert in "our Father's business," every incident of travel brings instruction and illumination. Travelling as he does to learn, to understand, the play of the hidden forces guided by the mighty Chiefs behind, he carries with him no standard of judgment belonging to any particular nation or age; local customs, and national idiosyncrasies are neither approved nor condemned as by the untheosophical philistine; he prefers to follow Captain Cuttle's advice, "When found, make a note of." There is all eternity during which to formulate judgments, and unless a judgment is immediately required for the furtherance of the Work, why should the theosophist judge?

Three years' residence in Italy makes me no stranger in this land of traditions. The shadows of the past still cling almost visibly to modern Italy, and "the grandeur that was Rome" has not altogether departed; and in the works of art brought to Italy in ancient days and now found in her museums there yet lingers "the glory that was Greece." The value of a residence in Italy is manifold, if one responds to what Italy, her past and present, has to offer.

Primarily, perhaps, to those born in Anglo-Saxon surroundings, what should be striking is that among all Latin peoples there is a standard of values different from that which prevails among the Teutons. It is not absolutely better, nor worse; *it is different.* It is sometimes a revelation to discuss problems with men and women whose feelings and thoughts are tuned to a different pitch than that to which we are accustomed. Where a Teuton may get excited, feeling that a principle is involved, the Celt may shrug his shoulders, as seeing the matter from another angle of vision; what seems for the moment an utterly unbearable situation for the Italian or the Frenchman may seem of little importance to the Teuton. One who is accustomed to observe things analytically with the minds, from the outside, as is so often the case among Teutonic peoples, may learn much that is new to him about those same familiar things, could he but feel them from the inside, as comes natural to the Celt. It is this sensing things first before thought begins that not infrequently gives a truer criterion to judge with than the reverse process. Where the Teuton prefers to go from the form side to the life side, the Celt instinctively reverses the technique; and this technique of peoples is an ever-fascinating study.

I am perhaps fortunate that I can read and speak Italian, and so see a phase of life that is usually a blank page to the traveller. A theosophical lecturer and writer must be clear in thought and diction, to be successful in his attempt to

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proclaim Theosophy; he notices, therefore, the clarity of thought that characterises Italian literature. There may be little thought, as a theosophist values thought, in many an Italian writer; but what there is of thought is stated without ambiguity. The precision, the logical sequence of ideas, are invaluable things that one probably learns more readily from Italian and French literature than English or German. The beautiful vagueness of English words, and the loose handling of dependent clauses are foreign to Latin modes of thought. More than all this, in the study of literature there is the attempt to enter into the thought rather than to observe the modes of grammatical constructions. Days gone by, Karma and the needs of the future decreed that I should struggle through Euripides, Sophocles and other acquaintances of Athenian days; I must now frankly confess that, except Homer, they were unsympathetic till expounded in an Italian university by an Italian professor, who paid little attention to artists and enclitics but was much fascinated by the beauty of statement and thought.

Supreme in this respect stands the poet of poets, Dante. Such a marvelous balancing of the thought with the diction, the life with the form, probably the world has never seen nor will, till he reincarnates again. Limited as Dante was with the intellectual horizon of the middle ages, yet he soared to the very region of the archetypes themselves. We theosophists study life and form, and their mysteries; we should not forget that both are in the world without of fields and gardens, and, too, in those happy gardens that the poets create where we may grow "as the flower grows"; and there is one garden worth the discovery, cost what it may, and that is Dante.

How shall one now describe what Italy has to offer to the theosophist from her glorious past? Surely the cultured theosophist can think fuller and feel deeper about works of art than the greatest of modern critics. We know that the archetypes are, that the Logos has bodied them forth, and that through them we may see Him, though but as in a glass darkly; a work of art becomes for us therefore a discourse on Theosophy, the wisdom of the things that are and *to be*. In Rome, the statuary brought from Greece, in Florence in her marvelous churches and galleries, again and again the life of the spirit stands revealed; and sometimes so overpowering is it, that a mere mortal's imagination becomes dazed. To the intelligent traveller, art is everywhere in Italy; there is not the smallest town but has some picture, fresco, or carving speaking to him of the realm of ideal beauty. Surely it was my good deeds of past lives that brought me to Italy years ago, and gave me an insight through art into a phase of Theosophy not yet proclaimed in our text-books.

If to the art students the art of Greece is fascinating, for balance, reserve, and other qualities, to the theosophist some of the Italian artists are fascinating for these, and for that other discovery, that they are reincarnated Greeks. Some day we shall make the equations, Giotto equals X, Fra Angelico equals Y, Michael Angelo equals Z. But till then, when these painters shall be "looked up", and we begin thereby a new history of art, we have their wonderful works. I fear personally I must still be limited in my sympathies, for my favourites are all "the primitives", those early painters who were charged with thoughts and feelings which they could not adequately express for lack of technical development. Later came the masters of colour and shade, but alas then it was the form side predominating over the life side. And so, primitive though he is, Cimabue teaches one the A. B. C of devotion; Giotto opens a fairy realm, still marvelously alive, though St. Francis and his miracles are things that have been; Fra Angelico takes one by the hand and we gaze with him not on substance as seen by man but on substance as seen by God. This is not painting, it is philosophy, it is the Vedanta surely, which tells us that Prakriti is a Maya after all, and it is Purusha who is lord of all. And so pass in review Fra Lippo, Botticelli, Michael Angelo, Raphael and others of the mighty

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host, and the theosophist may note how here life is growing, trying to cast off the form, there life and form are balanced, and here, alas, begins the decadence and men are satisfied with the form alone.

These "travel notes" were begun with the intention of saying something of the field-worker's activities in Italy, but the pen became partly obsessed and things not directly to the point have thence issued forth. The particular field of action of the American Section is from the Atlantic to the Pacific (as my friend Mr. Packard has so well illustrated with his design for the "Field" page with New York and the statue of liberty on the right and the Golden Gate on the left), but the present field-worker, at the invitation of the Italian General Secretary, has once again become for a while an Italian field-worker, as was his role before coming to America. Genoa, Rome, Florence and Turin Lodges listened to an address in Italian on "The World Without and the World Within", and repeated invitations were given for another visit and more addresses. The limit of the lecturer's vacation was two months, and everything had been planned for arrival in New York on November 21st; all these arrangements have been changed as the result of an invitation from the President to visit Adyar. I leave Italy for Adyar on the 16th, and in the company of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kirby, who are well-known as pillars of the theosophical edifice in Italy. Several of Mr. Kirby's articles have already appeared in our *Messenger*. The traveler therefore turns further eastward, and in less than three weeks I shall see Adyar again after ten years.

Genoa, Italy. *C. J.*

THEOSOPHIC ACTIVITIES IN CHICAGO

Why is it that so many of us are grumbling about the difficulties of our theosophical work? Every now and then comes the complaint that this lodge cannot serve properly because of so and so, or that person is most eager to work but the limitations are so discouraging. The truth of the matter is that we ought to be a bit ashamed of ourselves when we find fault with the progress we are making at the present time. When we think of all the opportunities that we are enjoying to-day and the help that we are receiving all the time, and then recall the struggles of our President Founders and those leaders who immediately followed them, we may well forget the trifling inconveniences which we have had to deal with and go about our work feeling that we are very well cared for. We shall realize this if we read the first volume of *Old Diary Leaves*, or *Reminiscences of the Early Days of the American Section*, by Alexander Fullerton in the November, 1908, number of the *Theosophic Messenger*. Our difficulties will grow very small when we think of the almost insurmountable ones which were swept aside by H. P. Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott. Those lion-hearted founders of the Theosophical Society faced ridicule and the merciless criticism which always falls upon those who are pioneers in a new movement while we are working steadily on without much opposition, and are greeted with respectful attention in nearly all parts of the world. Brave H. P. B. and Col. Olcott! They exhausted upon themselves the force of that early antagonism and made the way easy for those of us who follow in their footsteps. They gave all there was in them of life and love, and endured the sting of personal injustice and misunderstanding even though the lash of the world's whip cut deeply into their hearts at times. A fragment of a letter from H. P. B. tells us how she must have suffered. Rather pathetically she addresses the person as her "one friend." "Look into my life and try to realize it—in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of ever being on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what I *have* to do. I live on artificial life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then —good-bye. Night before last I was

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shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Society. I saw a few earnest reliable theosophists in a death-struggle with the world in general, with other—nominal, but ambitious—Theosophists. The former are greater in number than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as you in *America will prevail*, if you can remain staunch to the Master's programme and true to yourselves. Last night I saw and now I feel strong—such as I am in my body—and ready to fight for theosophy and the few true ones to my last breath."

The contrast between the Theosophical Society of 1911, and of the early days of H. P. B. was strikingly brought to my mind during the exercises which were held in the Fine Arts Building, on Friday evening, November 17th, in commemoration of the founding of the Theosophical Society; we were gathered together, a happy-faced crowd, in a pleasant room of a building filled with choice bits of art and handicraft; our cases were well filled with theosophical books, and we have teachers to direct classes every day of the week. A stranger member visiting our rooms may find some class under instruction at almost any hour. This is but one theosophic center of several in Chicago, and this city is but one of the ninety-five in our Section where Theosophy is taught.

In many lodges throughout the country exercises were held on November 17th, and hundreds of people met, to go back in loving thought to our President Founders. The truth expressed in H. P. B.'s letter to her "one friend" has been verified. Theosophy has prevailed in America and in the world, all because two splendid souls set us the example of remaining true to the Master and to themselves. Many a tribute went out from the Chicago circles to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, and a most interesting programme was prepared under the direction of Mrs. Kochersperger, Mrs. Garnsey and others. Some of the members had personal reminiscences to recall, and Mrs. Megaw related the following incident:

"Years ago I met Col. Olcott at the home of a mutual friend in a western city. He was a man of the world, broadly informed, with a rich fund of humor. He chatted pleasantly until the talk veered to his healing work in India, and then to occult subjects, of which I knew nothing. I was half afraid, half drawn by a subtle commanding something which I felt, but could not understand. As he bade me good-bye he seemed to grow in height and power. "I am a Soul," he said, "and you are a Soul. We have both come on a long journey and I have a message for you! Consider it well, for we may never meet again. We could not forget if we would, for the Star of the East is a mystic star and we must follow when we see it." Col Olcott told me to give what I had in the way of knowledge, to comfort, as opportunity offered, if only in a bit of verse as it would grow in the giving and small things are not to be despised."

Mr. Theodor Salmon and Mr. Warren P. Watters added much to the happiness of the members by their musical selections, always so gratefully welcomed by the appreciative audiences. These excellent and instructive programmes have become a delightful feature of the theosophical activities and we look forward to those evenings when we shall have the privilege of enjoying the entertainment provided.

One interesting detail of a previous programme of this month was a lecture on *Hamlet* with a theosophical interpretation. The General Secretary, Dr. Van Hook, assisted by Mrs. Harriet T. Felix, read portions of the drama and took us back in thought to the time when the Shakespearean plays were written. He who wrote *Hamlet* was far advanced in occultism. He knew much of that Law which governs Man. He tried to make this Law easily visible to humanity of his period and subsequent ones through the drama—through action. The great mass of people at that time were not readers. He told the story of life by depicting the passions of man, and by showing how the Law was wrought out. The wise one who wrote *Hamlet* knew that curiosity was to play a great part in the shaping of men's destiny, for always the inquiry, "why is this or that?" urged

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the people on to greater effort and understanding. He did not talk altogether over the heads of the people of that time but discussed morality as they saw it and then led them on. We can easily see this point illustrated in that the motif of the play of Hamlet is, "Vengeance is mine!"

The "ghost" seems to speak from only one part of him, and that the lower personality.

Chicago is a great busy city—wicked in many ways and terrible because of its activity of low-pitched desires. But it is, in spite of all that, a center of theosophical activities, and the Masters of Wisdom are watching and guarding. They are pouring Their force into the hearts of the groups who are working, many of them unconsciously, towards the lifting of humanity—preparing the way for the Coming of the Christ.

Addie Tuttle.

Los Angeles.

The Los Angeles Lodge celebration was held on Founders' Day on November 15th as being more convenient to hold it that day than on the 17th. Our rooms were too small for the number of members who attended. The meeting was opened with a speech from Mr. Holland, the president; then followed talks from Mrs. Hammon, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Warrington, who also read the inaugural speech of Colonel Olcott at the founding of the Society, November 17th, 1875. Mr. Walters of San Francisco, sang two solos to Mrs. Van Vliet's accompaniment, and Mrs. Goldsberry gave a piano recital. The meeting closed with the inevitable refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters have come to make their home in Los Angeles.

(*Mrs.*) *Geo. E. Ross.*

REPORT OF POST-CONVENTION MEETING

Monday afternoon, Sept. 11, 1911
(*Continued*)

Report of Propaganda Literature Committee, by the Chairman, Mrs. M. V. Garnsey (La Grange Lodge, Ill.):

About a year ago our General Secretary handed some of the members a list asking how much time each one could give to theosophical work. I have a family myself and have quite a good deal of work at home, but I thought I could manage a bit of work there, consequently I handed in a notice saying I could take a certain amount of work at my own home. Not long after that I was told that I could manage the work that came from the press—the pamphlets and leaflets sent out for propaganda. About October 1st the boxes arrived and almost immediately thereafter the work started throughout the Section; an advertisement was put into *Messenger* and the orders came in. From time to time different pamphlets and leaflets have been added. At first the orders were small and then came *"Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?"* which has done such wonders in its work.

In starting out we tried to put the prices of pamphlets as low as possible and still make the department pay its expenses, although no rents or salaries are paid.

It may be interesting to you to know how the pamphlets have sold, and the amounts received; the report, giving the titles and numbers distributed, with totals of returns, is as follows:

1. What Is Theosophy?	3,531	$ 8.83
2. The Soul and Its Vestures	3,988	9.99
3. The Center of My Circle	3,934	9.83
4. A Master's Letter	2,375	5.93
5. Reincarnation (A Parable)	10,407	26.01
6. Socialism and the Coming Christ	5,943	14.85
7. Theosophy Defined	5,329	13.32
8. Advice From a Master	1,931	4.82
9. The Two Brothers	3.613	14.45
10. Theosophy and Christianity	5,767	23.06
11. What Theosophy Does for Us	2,655	10.29
12. Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?	15,978	347.68
13. Theosophy and Art	2,000	40.00
14. An Epitome of Theosophy	495	1.98
15. Why Reincarnation is Necessary	1,541	6.16

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17. A Lodge of the Theosophical Society	478	1.91
18. Theosophy	1,094	4.37
19. Karma as a Cure for Trouble.	2,707	10.82
20. A Sketch of Theosophy	966	16.90
21. Reincarnation (Mrs. Besant)	454	1.13
22. The Meaning of Theosophy	214	.53
		572.86
Postal Card Sales		30.64
		$603.50

Expenditures

Stamps	$43.43	
Express	14.50	
Stationery	18.83	
Total	76.76	76.76
Net Receipts		$526.74

Names have been sent to me by the General Secretary and others of people who might be interested and we have sent out 395 sets of free literature at a cost of $16.41 for postage.

Of course there has been very little advertising done and I hear many people say they have not seen the advertisement at all and did not know we had this literature for sale.

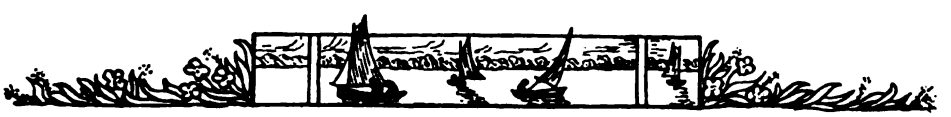
It might be interesting for you to know how the work is carried on. The pamphlets are sent to us in many thousands in large boxes and are taken to the third floor of our house; on that floor there are many hundreds of pounds of literature and sometimes we wonder if it will not come down on us! Our office force consists of myself, my two children and the baby (*applause*) who stamps all the packages."

Chairman: "This work which is being done is being carried out in the manner outlined by Mrs. Garnsey in order that a large amount of material may be passed easily through the hands of the members out to the general public. There is a great need which can be met by the sending out of this material or the *Primer*, and we wish to have on hand at all times quantities of material of this type, especially such as can be easily inclosed in an envelope.

It is our earnest wish with respect to all this work that the work of contacting the people shall be done by the members, that the members themselves do this work. That is what is wanted—that the members individually will feel that it is their duty to come in contact with the people one by one. Souls reach the Logos singly, one by one; every soul is precious; every member is an asset of the Society of immense value, useful in proportion to his own belief in his power to do things. If every one will set it before himself to find a task, he will find there is something he can do. We are trying to find ways whereby we can help members to find work."

Mrs. N. H. Baldwin (Annie Besant Lodge, Chicago):

"The work of sending pamphlets was begun on February 1st of this year and owes its progress to the enthusiasm and generous co-operation of members all over the country. Mr. Jinarajadasa suggested that the pamphlet *"Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?"* be sent to the ministers of the country and our General Secretary approved of our taking up the work. We have now sent the pamphlet to the Unitarian, Universalist, Seventh-Day Adventist and Episcopalian denominations, and to a portion of the Congregational list, a total of between eight and nine thousand names. There has been no fund with which to do the work, the members and lodges bearing the expense connected with that which they did. We have had our difficulties to contend with, but from reports which come in we feel that good is done, and we count it a joy and a privilege to help prepare our country through the vast body of Christian ministers for the coming of the Great Teacher."



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Book Reviews

She Buildeth Her House, by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price, $1.25.

This is a book which is full of lofty ideals, dramatic situations, and sex problems. It will be read with equal interest by two distinct classes of people; those who prefer the first two themes and those who are attracted by the latter.

Nearly all the characters have vivid individuality but the heroine is a little disappointing. We are told repeatedly how fine and wonderful she is, but are left to accept the assurances of the author in these essentials, since, from the begnning to the end of the book, she does nothing to convince us of the fact. She loses a great opportunity at St. Pierre when instead of being completely absorbed with her own love affairs, she might have been helping the sufferers. The author seems conscious of this, and infers that her finer susceptibilities are disturbed by the vibrations of misery around her. At best it is a selfish reason.

The hero is more convincing; but it is a pity that in his crusade against man's lower nature he forged his weapons in a furnace of impurity. It should not be necessary to dissect a loathsome antagonist before slaying him. Coarseness in phrase too often is mistaken for forcefulness in the modern novel. The old Priest of St. Pierre and the Magician are living examples of the white and the black of life, and of the light and dark sides of this story of contrasts. Selma Cross, the actress, forces her way into our affections by the strength of her character with all its feminine faults and great womanly virtues, and is a personality that will be remembered for a long time.

The book never loses interest from the first page to the last and is deserving of all success. It should be welcomed not only for its excellence, but also as a herald of the fact that the majority of people are now seeking to solve the problem of life from an infinitely higher and far more spiritual source than they have ever done before.

E. H.

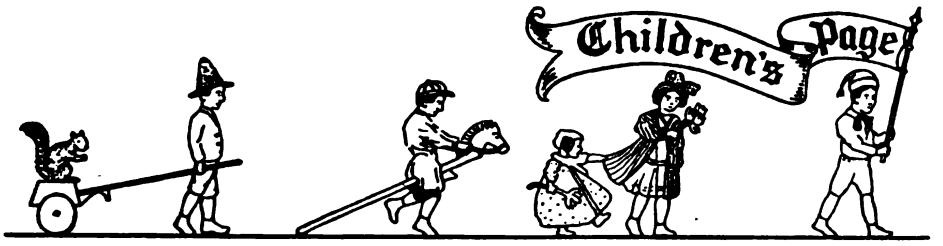
In a Nutshell. By Agnes Boss Thomas. The Rajput Press, Chicago. Price, 50 cents.

To write a story that fascinates, yet teaches Nature's secrets, is to achieve much. This has been done seven times over by Agnes Boss Thomas, in the little book titled "In A Nutshell". Each story is so clear, so terse, so simple that the reader wonders, reads again and again, fascinated by the ideas portrayed. The listening child hears them, never to forget. Over and over each asks that the stories be read once more. Evolution, dream life, thought power, fairies, brotherhood are vividly dealt with. In this century great truths are being unveiled for even children to perceive. In no more comprehensive way has this been done than in the stories of the book "In A Nutshell". Little girls and boys love the mysterious; when they find these mysteries, vivid and vital to them, made so clear, so real that mercy grows apace, disappointment is forgotten and joy becomes a reality.

Seven little stories winsomely telling some of Nature's secrets will be a welcome addition to children's literature. The truth in this small book is sure to bring to the heart of every child, who hears or reads the stories, a sweetness and light that shall illuminate and beautify the soul.

Mary E. O'Neill.

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A CHRISTMAS VISIT OF LONG AGO

In a wonderful country where long ago a mighty civilization flourished there was once a beautiful city. And in the very midst of the city, in the centre of a vast open space of golden fields and nodding flowers, there stood a magnificent temple. This temple, with its glittering domes and many-hued towers looked to those who saw it from across the plain, like mother-of-pearl inlaid by skillful workmen against a background of dazzlingly blue sky, and the flower spotted plains which surrounded it seemed like the golden setting of an exquisite jewel. At the edge of the plains, as if held back by an invisible sacred circle, there clustered great groups of stately mansions interspersed with lovely gardens. And here, in the marble domed dwellings, in full view of that wonderful temple, lived some of the noblest families of that ancient land.

In a large garden near one of these houses a little boy and a little girl were sitting one Christmas time thousands of years ago. And if you ask how we are to know that it was Christmas time in that land of flowers and sunshine where all days and seasons were just alike, I can only answer that it must have been Christmas, because it was a time, then as now, the turning point between the old and the new when the Great Christ was calling urgently to men's hearts. And the little boy, even so long ago as that, seemed to feel the calling of the Great Master for he was quiet and grave, as if he knew that some wonderful event was to happen that day. And indeed, it really was the day of a wonderful event, for a great and holy priest was passing through the city of the plains and he was going to preach in the temple that morning. And the boy and his little sister sat in the garden waiting.

As he sat there among the flowers, the time of waiting seemed a severe trial to the boy. He longed to be at the temple to watch the impressive ceremony which he knew was taking place; he longed to catch a glimpse of the celebrated priest, to touch the gorgeous robes, to smell the sweet incense. But he had been told to stay at home with his sister until the bells should ring and the crowds should have dispersed, as otherwise the small sister might have got lost or hurt in the throng. So he had promised to stay with her until the children's time should come after the main ceremony, when the priest desired to talk to the boys and girls who belonged to the temple school. And in the meantime, in addition to his own impatience, the boy was having much trouble to keep the active little sister out of mischief. That tiny lady had already been dressed in her best white gown with the gold colored border and it must be kept clean and spotless to wear before the august visitor at the temple. And so, to keep the little mite quiet, her brother sat with her under the tree by the marble-rimmed lily pond and told her all the things he had heard at school about the honored guest. The holy visitor was the greatest priest in all the land, the little boy had told her, the chief priest of all the temples in the world, and all the other priests, even the wise and stately high priest of their own temple, felt honored to obey the lightest wish of the holy man who was able to see both the past and the future. These and many other wonderful things the boy

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explained with childish exaggeration while the hours slipped by unnoticed and the little sister's eyes grew bigger and bigger and she quite forgot that she wanted to paddle her chubby feet in the lily pond.

Suddenly across the fields there came the sound of the temple bells. They chimed the short phrase once, twice, three times, then silence. It was the chant used always to call the children to the temple. At the very first tone, brother and sister jumped to their feet and were on their way across the long stretch of fields.

By the time they reached the temple, nearly all the people had gone away with the procession to the ceremony in another part of the city and only a few priests were watching in the great hall which a short time before had been thronged with eager devotees.

The two children passed through the massive entrance, then slipped into a side corridor, and came finally to a square open court filled with flowers and fountains, a beautiful spot, where they had often come before to learn their lessons from the priests. To-day, however, the children were timid with expectation of the unusual event and they hung back, hardly daring to enter until they suddenly caught sight of the familiar face of the much loved priest who had always been their special teacher. He smiled and beckoned to them and then, understanding their shrinking hesitation, he came forward to meet them and led them to a place near his own, so that his two small pupils should not feel strange or lonesome in the midst of the large gathering. And other priests came also with their pupils, and when a few hundred had assembled they waited for the coming of the greatest priest of all. Only a few hundred children? A few hundred in all that great city? True, for it was a great honor for a child to be taught in the temple school, and those few hundred pupils had been carefully chosen by the priests after many horoscopes had been examined.

And what can we say of the entrance of the distinguished visitor? Only a few moments of expectancy, a sudden hush, and then he was there among them, speaking quietly with wonderful words. And his message was so clear, so simple, that the children thought it would be easy to remember it. They were to follow him always, and remember him through many lives, through many difficulties: they must learn to recognize him whenever they should see him; and they must learn carefully all that their wise and gentle priestly teachers would tell them of the temple wisdom. That was all, and it seemed very easy to do. And some of the children wondered why so great a personage had come so far to tell those few things so often, so impressively, and in so many different ways.

And then, when it was all over and before the great priest left, each child came to him and touched his hands and looked into his eyes. And when the kind priest who had met the brother and sister at the door led his two little pupils up to see the great visitor, the little brother suddenly noticed that the great priest's eyes were soft and dark and piercing just like the eyes of the favorite teacher who stood near. And at the thought of the likeness between that teacher whom he loved and the distinguished stranger, the little boy smiled. And the great priest smiled back in answer while he held the child's hands, as if there was some nice secret between those two, the great man and the little boy. And then the brother and sister and all the other children went home through the golden fields.

The next day the great priest left the city for he had arranged to visit many big temples in many countries. But though he never came again to their city, the little brother and the little sister always remembered that wonderful visitor and often talked about him between themselves and with the priests at the temple.

Since then, many thousands of years have passed, and many times the children to whom he spoke in the temple have recognized him. And now, once more, in other countries and in other bodies, that little brother and sister, and many others as well, are waiting to look once again into the eyes of the High Priest of all the temples in the world.

Marjorie Tuttle.

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THE COMING OF THE CHRIST

The night before Christmas had come and the little girl was restless because she had been thinking so much about Santa Claus. And Gretel stopped dish-washing to say "Why baby, what can be the matter with you that you trouble mother and sister so much, when we are having so many things to do to get ready for Santa Claus?"

"I want you to tell me a story," said she.

"I will, when I have finished washing and wiping my dishes," said Gretel and, while she was doing her work, she kept thinking of what she should tell her little sister. As she looked very strongly at one of the plates she was wiping, she saw such a pretty picture in her mind's eye that she knew what the story would be at once! So as soon as she finished she pulled the stool to the side of the little girl's bed and said to her, "Look very hard at the plate," and the little girl did so, but did not see anything. So she said, "I do not see anything at all." But her sister said to her "Look again very hard, then perhaps you can see, just as it is shown in the pretty picture, all the little people on the lower part of the plate, some riding squirrels. Two of them are the King and Queen of the Nature Spirits and the others are their subjects."

These are the little beings that live in the flowers. At night they pull the petals down upon them so that they will be covered and wash their faces in pollen and dew-drops. Sometimes, I think, they sleep on the leaves. They like to feed on the dainty odor of the flowers which to them is like honey, and it is their work to take care of the flowers, the grasses and the weeds and see that they have plenty of light and abundance of those other forces that are like food to them to live upon. Some of them look after the growing insects and the injured bugs and birds. They have very many different kinds of things to do and there are none of God's creatures that are happier than they.

One day a little bird flew up to the King and Queen and said, "I have joyful news for you. The Christ is coming again and you must prepare your people for the coming. Keep your eyes open, *open!*" Do you know who the Christ was and is? He is the Great Being who came to earth long ago to tell the people how they might be much happier and might find out about the Great King of all, above, Who takes care of all of us and gives us the nice things we have. And now He is going to come again and tell us all over again what we must do, because we are such little children and cannot always remember.

Then he flew away and there was no more time to ask further questions. So the King and Queen finished their luncheon as fast as they could and called a meeting of the Royal Advisors.

The Royal Advisors were almost like large bugs. They were all dressed alike in very gorgeous, stiff, long coats that scraped the ground a little when they walked to show how important they were and they carried strong little shoots of grasses for truncheons. When the Council was called, a dozen of these Advisors came in very slowly, stroking their long beards and each one looked wiser than all the others. The King and Queen found a large high and very soft mushroom to sit upon so that they could look down upon their Advisors who sat on little toad-stools in a ring around them.

All the people sat down upon a sloping hillock but they had to keep away far enough so that they could not hear, and fierce-looking bumble-bees droned around to keep them away from the ribbon that enclosed the Advisors and the King and Queen.

They all exchanged ideas about preparing the way for the Great Coming until they were very tired and ready to give up the problem, when the King said, "Why not set out with an army of one-half of our people to search for Him and let the rest stay at home to take care of our various duties?"

This plan was finally agreed upon and so the King decided that he would go with the army while the Queen stayed at home

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and helped those who remained with their work. The Queen rode as far as the border line with the King and his people. A week had been given to prepare for the departure of the King and the monarch called all the spiders together and had them make new clothes for all of the men of his army. The last day, at the Queen's suggestion, was spent in prayer for the safety of the searchers and the fulfillment of their quest.

At last came the day to depart. The King and Queen rode their squirrel-horses and followed the trumpeters to the Eastern border of their country. You can see in the picture how the stork stood on a tussock and reviewed the procession and back of him on a hillside stood all the people who were not going.

It was not far to the border, so they reached it by noon. The King and Queen parted and she returned home. On her way she saw the stork again and he nodded to her reassuringly, flapped his wings quite strongly to let her know that everything was all right.

She remained among her people all the time the King was gone and saw that they were well-cared for and every night she lay in the midst of her flowers thinking of the Great Event which would mean so much not only for all the human beings but also for the little fairies. The night before Christmas she saw a bright light, just like a star, shining at some distance beyond her in the sky and at the same moment she heard the voice of the stork that somehow had very quietly slipped up to her side and was talking to her.

"See, look at the beautiful *star in the East*—that is the star that shines in the East when the Christ-child is born, and he is not always born outwardly as a real baby boy of flesh and blood but is to be born in the heart of every man; and if you think of it strongly you will realize that there is a Christ in your own heart and that all you have done to help you husband, the King, and all the little children who are your subjects, has given you the right to feel that you have the knowledge of the Christ within and that one day you may serve the world even as He serves it Whom your husband has gone to find. And you will see too, that you did not need to leave your own home in order to find the Christ.

M. Adolphia C. Garnsey.



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